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## "The Peculiar Institution."

From the Herald of Freedom.

LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

The following letter from Missouri, was written by a gentleman residing there, to his brother in this State, dated April 7, 1844. We are requested to withhold the name of the town, out of regard to the safety of the writer:

"I found very good society in New Orleans, although it far exceeds in wickedness any other place I ever saw. I never heard so many good sermons in any place in so short a time, as at that place. It seemed as if an Angel came down from heaven to offer life to a few hundreds, while thousands and tens of thousands cared not for his tidings, his character, or his heavenly conversation, but rushed on in the most open vice, the most flagrant wickedness, regardless of everything but wealth and the opinion of the world. New Orleans has a population of upwards of an hundred thousand souls, and but three or four evangelical churches in it, one Presbyterian, one Methodist, one Baptist, and one Episcopalian, and a number of Catholic churches.

"For a number of weeks I have been among the planters in that country. I find society better than in the city, although it is very seldom that I can go to meeting. The planters are a high-minded, hospitable, and well-bred people generally. But all Northerners are cajoled, and biassed in their judgment concerning them and their institutions, by the friendly, and winning manners, for which they are generally so highly characterized. They show great respect to strangers, and treat them with a cordial welcome; but among themselves there is no more good feeling (nor so much) as there is among the people of the North. They generally live entirely by themselves, and care but little about anything but making money; as a gentleman said to me, 'we live to raise cotton to buy negroes with, and buy negroes to raise cotton.' I have taken great pains to study their character, and that of their negroes; and also the manner in which they are treated, and the institution of Slavery as it exists here. I do firmly believe that the holding of men and women as chattels, whether treated well, or ill, has a tendency to corrupt and demoralize a people, above any institution which can exist. No Christian, whether North, or South, can look upon it as it exists, without feeling a dagger thrust through into his bosom, which cannot be extracted, until Slavery ceases. A gentleman and a slaveholder said to me the other day, that he believed there could not be a Christian in the whole South, not one that holds slaves.

"I have often heard Northern men and women, who have been south, say, that the bad treatment of the slaves is greatly exaggerated at the North. But I never realized one half of the iniquity which I now see daily. You will not think me a fanatic, or enthusiast, for you have often reproved me for putting so fair a construction to things, and have said that I loved to hear soft words and flowery speeches. The black men and women go to the fields, and labor day after day; and this is as nature intended, that all should have some employment. They have no care, no anxiety about their food, or clothing; their master provides for them. Their children are fed and clothed, and, if sick, attention is not wanting. They have no care for their education or admission into society.

"The black man and woman, and *white man and woman*, go to the field, not at daylight, but before. I often hear the horn blow for them at three or four o'clock in the morning. Yes, long before day, they go to the fields to commence their day's work, from which they return not till eight, and sometimes not until ten at night; and then have their supper to get, and wood, if they have any, to pick up. I say *white* man and woman, for before coming south, I was deceived in supposing that it was the blacks only who were slaves. I find among the slaves many who are as white as you are and myself. In a family of about twenty children, I counted eleven mostly white; and some pretty white children as ever I saw. As for their being whipped, it is as common, and more so, than for the Northern driver to whip his horses. They do not strike them so often, as some strike their beasts, but when they do whip, it is severely; and often for the slightest causes. If they oversleep themselves in the morning, they are sure to get whipped. Some who see to their own plantations, are more mild and not so hard on their negroes. But nearly all the South have overseers, who are generally an unfeeling, bad set of men. The whites and the blacks appear to be at perfect enmity to each other. But the blacks dare not show any other spirit than submission. The negroes are much more intelligent than I expected to find them. I have often heard the planters say they were the brightest people on earth. But, say anything about their being free, they will tell you, they cannot take care of themselves. But it is all selfishness. Here, in Missouri, the white man pays fifty cents taxes, while the free black pays one dollar and fifty, and gives one thousand dollars bond for good behaviour. If he cannot get bonds he must be sold a slave for life, or leave the State. There were a number of free blacks sold in Natchez, because they could not get bonds. Slaves on many plantations can claim as relatives some of the most noted people of the South. But I have dwelt too long on this subject. I could write volumes. The slave's cry is continually going up to God, and vengeance will come upon this nation, though it tarries long."

From a letter in the Baltimore Visitor.

PLACIDO'S EXECUTION.

All is apparently tranquil here, but it is the tranquillity of terror, which the severe but necessary measures of Government have inspired. What dreadful scenes have we not witnessed here these last few months! what arrests and frightful developments! what condemnations and horrid deaths! But the bloody drama seems approaching its close: the curtain has just fallen on the execution of the chief conspirator, Placido, who met his fate with a heroic calmness that produced a universal impression of regret. Nothing was positively known of the decision of the council concerning him, till it was rumored a few days since that he should proceed along with the others to the chapel for the condemned. On the appointed day for the execution, a crowd was assembled, and Placido was seen walking along with singular composure under circumstances so gloomy, smoking a cigar, and saluting with graceful ease his numerous acquaintances. Are you aware what the punishment of the "chapel" means? It is worse, a thousand times, than the death of which it is the sure precursor. The unfortunate criminals are conducted into a chapel hung in black, and dimly lighted. Priests are there to chant in sepulchral voice the service of the dead, and the coffins of the trembling victims are arrayed in cruel relief before their eyes. Here they are kept for twenty-four hours, and are led hence to execution. Can anything be more awful? and what a disgusting aggravation of the horror of the coming death! Placido emerged from the chapel, cool and undismayed, whilst the others were nearly or entirely overcome by the agonies they had already undergone. The chief conspirator held a crucifix in his hand, and recited in a loud voice a beautiful prayer in verse, that thrilled upon the hearts of the attentive masses which lined the road he passed. On arriving at the fatal spot, he sat down on a bench, with his back turned, as ordered, to the military, and rapid preparations were made for his death. It was well known that, in some affecting poem written by Placido in prison, he had said that it would be useless to seek to kill him by shooting his body, that they must strike his heart to make it cease its throbbings. And now the dread hour had arrived; at the last moment he arose, and said, "*adois mondo!*" (adieu world,) and sat calmly down. The word was given, and five balls entered his body. Amid the murmurs of the horror-struck spectators, he got up and turned his head on the shrinking soldiers, his face wearing an expression of superhuman courage. "Will no one have pity on me?" he said, "Here! (pointing to his heart,) fire here!" At that instant two balls pierced his breast, and he fell dead whilst his words still echoed in our ears. Nineteen were shot at the time with Placido, of which I send you a list. They all died miserable, and I spare you the sickening details!

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

A gentleman in Hubbardstown, Massachusetts, has recently received a letter from his brother-in-law, dated Columbia Furnace, Shenandoah county, Virginia, in which the writer says:

"A *drove of human beings*, who for naught else but having a skin that differs from our own, has just been driven past the door, on their way to Tennessee and Georgia. They have been torn away from fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, and driven away without a hope of ever again seeing them on this earth—*bound hand to hand with iron cuffs, and chains large enough to hold the strongest horse*—clanking with as much solemnity in the sound to my ears as would have been the death groans of so many dying men! The number of slaves that passed was about forty. Part were young women and girls from fourteen to twenty-five years of age; the girls were not chained, but went forward of the wagon; the *men were in irons and bound together* in such a manner that they could not make the least resistance against any torture that their inhuman drivers might see fit to inflict upon them. Several of the girls had become unable to walk, and were placed in the wagon, which would be worse to ride in than a cart upon the worst of your roads. There were two drivers on horses, with whips, and behind rode a gentleman, or rather a villain, in his carriage."

## Pro-Slavery.

From the Christian Freeman.

A WELL-MERITED REBUKE.

It is known to our readers generally that the Liberator, Standard, and other organs of the Garrisonian Abolitionists, have repeatedly charged the old Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, with gross dishonesty, and even crimes that ought to consign them to the Penitentiary, in transferring the Emancipator to the Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society—a transfer which they not only had the *right* to make, but which has been emphatically approved by the great body of Abolitionists in the United States. Yet, in full view of this latter fact, Quincy and Garrison reiterate their charges of criminal conduct against the members of that Committee, just previous to some important election, and their lying charges are eagerly circulated by Whig Committees, for the evident purpose of injuring the Liberty party. We are glad to see that this course of Quincy and his clique is disgusting some of their own friends. The last number of the Pennsylvania Freeman contains a letter from James Fulton, Jr. of Chester County, in which their spirit of detraction is very properly rebuked. We subjoin an extract, with the remark that Mr. Fulton is one of the most active and influential of the "Old Organization" party, as they call themselves, in Eastern Pennsylvania. This rebuke, coming as it does from a warm personal friend, we should think would be felt by Garrison and Quincy, if they have any sense of justice, or any conscience left:

"It is well known to you that I am of the number that had no sympathy with the New Organization, or with the excuse urged for the 'transfer of the Emancipator.' I entertain the same views yet, and I should be exceedingly glad to see the old Committee come out and condemn the transaction. I think they ought to do so, but if they see and believe otherwise—really believe they had proper authority for doing so—I shall not arrraign them as knowingly dishonest. I was perfectly tired out with this controversy more than two years ago, and wrote at the time to that effect to some of our Eastern friends, hoping they would suspend the war; but in this I have been mistaken. *I never believed the Committee acted with dishonest motives, or wished to cripple the Anti-Slavery cause.* * * *

"I therefore have not *a particle of sympathy with this late attack upon that Committee*, but look upon it, when taken in connection with the fling, that it consisted of "broken merchants, stipendiary dependents," &c. *as most unjust and cruel*, and when it is asserted that they are Benedict Arnolds, and wished to betray the cause of the slave, I declare in turn that I no more believe the assertion, than though it was made of the *assertor;* even hough he should be my long cherished friend, Garrison or Quincy; and I know numbers who feel with me in this matter, even of the no-voting order. Look at the fruits being brought forth by those men, and that should settle the question forever, touching their treason to the cause."

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

This *one virtue* (?) Society was organized in 1833, pursuant to a resolution offered by Mr. Garrison, at the New England Convention the same year. A declaration of sentiments, written by Mr. Garrison, was adopted by its founders. In the course of six years the character of the Society became such, that it became necessary, as was believed, for the pure to secede from the corrupt portion, and repudiate the original founder and his principles. This was done in 1839. But the parent stock kept on in the path of "*improvement*, till now, in 1844, they present themselves to the world as a formidable and organized band of "come-outers," or *infidels*, crying, "Down with the *Ministry*,—down with the *Church*, and down with the *Sabbath*."

Such are the downward tendencies of Voluntary, *one virtue*, and *no God* Societies; and we opine that it is high time that there was a secession among the seceders, to let off another company of levellers and semi-infidels. But the whole system is fast going to seed, by the operation of its anti-scriptural principles.—*The Conservative.*

From the Christian Freeman.

BOSTON FEMALE A. S. SOCIETY.

The Eleventh Annual Report of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society is published. We have read it with some curiosity, but not with much edification. It is a wordy, common-place document, pretty well spiced with transcendentalism and come-outerism, and made up, in good part, with an attack upon the churches, (partly just and partly unjust,) and upon the Liberty party. Its remarks upon the latter are characterized with the narrowest sectarian bigotry—the very spirit which forbids to cast out devils, because "they follow not us." It is pitiful business for these anti-slavery women, the maligning of men who have done and suffered and sacrificed much for the deliverance of the slave—tenfold more, probably, than the author of this report, or those who give it their sanction, ever dreamed of doing. Especially is it pitiful, this reproducing of old stereotyped falsehoods which have been a hundred times disproved, and which have not the shadow of verity, and never had. If Maria Chapman and her co-laborers, think that the abolition of the Church, the Sabbath, civil Government, &c. must precede the abolition of Slavery, let them work away—but in the name of charity and common sense, let them not impugn the motives, and malign the character of men who think the rats can be driven from the house, without burning the house down. Let them call us foolish, if they will, because we think, with the Old American Anti-Slavery Society, previous to its *new* organization, that *political power* should be used for the overthrow of Slavery—but we can see no good reason why they should bestow upon us harsher epithets, and indulge in positive misrepresentation of our views, as well as impeachment of our motives. Let them go on, if they will, to abolish the universe, but leave us, unmolested, to our appropriate work of abolishing Slavery.

FREE MARRIAGE.—The "community" founded by Mr. Garrison's first lieutenant, J. A. Collins, is making progress in the "freedom of soul," which has been so much lauded, and to which they have sought in vain to bring the Abolition Society. A late paper, "The Communitist," has the following notice:

"*Married.*—We, the undersigned, acknowledging neither the authority of the Church, or State officers, or any other power above or beyond ourselves, as essential to this act, have, by mutual agreement, united in this relation, and do now regard ourselves as husband and wife."

By the tenets of the community, James and Mary may nullify this union at any time, by giving due notice. In other words, it is prostitution systematized. It will be a "wise child" in that community, "that knows its own father."—*Emancipator.*

"Mr. Birney has lost his election in Saginaw, as Assemblyman, notwithstanding his great popularity, which was alledged as the only reason of his nomination."—*Anti-Slavery Standard.*

This may have been *a* reason, but it was not the only nor the principal reason alledged for Mr. Birney's nomination. Neither does it disprove his popularity. The Whigs received orders from head quarters not to vote for him, and the Democrats were frightened by the unprincipled clamor which the Whigs raised about it—and the result was the election of a pro-slavery Whig by a small majority. The Standard has not yet had the honesty to retract the "coalition" lie, to which it meanly gave currency.—*Christian Freeman.*

## West-Indies.

From the Kingston (Ja.) Journal, Oct. 19.

JAMAICA.

The first week of the Colonial Parliamentary Session has expired. Like the first week of every session, it was not characterized by the introduction of any important measure.

Already the question of immigration from India has been discussed incidentally, and it has been deemed necessary to take the sense of the house upon the propriety of introducing five thousand Coolies into the Island during the coming year. We might remark that there are two distinct points in this matter which the house will have to consider. 1st. Whether Jamacia shall, like Demerara, consent to borrow half a million of money, for the purpose of transporting laborers from the East to the West Indies: and, 2d, whether the undertaking of the West India merchants, to bring in five thousand of those laborers immediately, shall be confirmed. Whether it is prudent in making the experiment with the Coolies, (for we consider the West India body in England have committed the Island to that experiment by the steps they have taken,) to do so with the large number of five thousand or a smaller one, is a question in the minds of many.

The allusion in the Governor's speech's to the "Census," drew from members an expression of opinion as to the correctness of the returns. The whole number of slaves for whom compensation was awarded in 1834, was 309,337. There never was any actual enumeration of the white and colored inhabitants during Slavery, and no conjectures which may have been formed can be adduced as evidence of incorrectness in the census. Besides there are a great many old people included in the 309,337 which have died off, and there has been a considerable mortality among the children of the laborers since freedom.

Dr. Spalding's proposition respecting the emancipated Africans in Cuba was withdrawn. It elicited, however, the information, which is important, that the authorities of that island were disposed to get rid of these people—were beginning to be assured that their presence was rather injurious than otherwise. If they are sincere in this latter opinion, they will soon thrust out the Emancipados, and there is little reason to doubt these will find their way to this land of freedom—a land flowing with milk and honey. We quite agree with the Doctor, that if there be any number of persons in Cuba who can be induced to make this Island their home, theirs would be the best description of immigration, not only as regards the class of people, but the small expenses which it would cost to bring them over. The matter is, we have no doubt, in good hands, both here and in England, and we have to congratulate the colony upon the decided Anti-Slavery tone of the remarks of honorable members on the occasion in question. The times change, and we change with the times. So thought many of the old Anti-Slavery men who were present on the occasion.

From the Paris Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.

FRENCH COLONIAL SLAVE LAWS.

A new Review, entitled *The French Abolitionist*, is announced. The founders and pursers are in London. Considerable sums are annually contributed by the Committees of the British Anti-Slavery Societies for articles in the Paris journals. Nearly all French philanthrophy on this subject is purchased at a high price. Among the pamphlets (in French) before me, is one of fifty-five handsome pages, with this title-page: "Immediate and absolute Freedom, or Slavery—Observations on the Duke of BROGLIE'S Report, and addressed to all Frenchmen, friends of Liberty and Humanity. By GEORGE W. ALEXANDER, and JOHN SCOBLE, of London." These apostles urge, with the old stories and invectives, instant abolition in the French colonies; which measure, they say, would be tidings of speedy deliverance to six millions of languishing or perishing victims in the New World. Early in the spring I encountered the missionaries several times in the streets of Paris. Their air of importance and business was the more remarkable for their Quaker costume. In the London Anti-Slavery Reporter, credit is given to the British committees for the French Minister of Marine's report and bill on a modification of the colonial laws and administration in favor of the slaves. The bill is represented as preliminary to abolition. But the Chambers will not accept it in this sense. We have in the Moniteur of the 18th instant the copious report (ten columns) on the whole case, from the special committees of the Chamber of Peers. Towards the conclusion of this able performance, the chairman (MERILHOU) says: "This draught of a bill has been spoken of as a preparatory measure, an intermedial plan—a means of transition to a broader and complete system. In the opinion of your Committee such is not the purpose of the provisions which they have the honor to submit. Until a direct positive law of abolition be offered to us, we must be permitted to say that the present bill neither implies nor precludes any future measure; that its only aim is to accomplish the changes which it specifies; and that those changes adjust and reconcile, thoroughly and definitely, the various exigencies and interests which the Legislature has to consult and favor. Whatever language may have been held in Ministerial circulars, or in the tribute of the other Chamber, your Committee cannot admit, nor will you, the Peers, admit, in the least, that any engagement on the point of Slavery has been contracted without the Chambers, and that nothing remains for us execpt to deliberat eon the mode of abolition. According to the Charter of 1830, the Colonies are subject to the authority of *law:* no simple volition or act of the Executive Government, direct or indirect, can dispose of the Colonies or determine the lot of their inhabitants. All projects and promises on this head, are, for the Chambers, as if they did not exist, as long as the Chambers have not sanctioned them." This is significant language, and is supposed to refer to the conferences of the Minister with the British delegates and the boasts of the London Anti-Slavery oracles. The Committee mention that, since the revolution of July, there have been forty thousand cases of manumission in a slave population of two hundred and eighty thousand. They propose the privilege of self-purchase for the slave, but that he shall remain on wages in the service of the master five years after the completion of the act. It is a remark of the report that the slaveholding and non-slaveholding members of your Union form two adverse parties in the bosom of the system—that the existence of Slavery is a perpetual source of intestine division.

## Selections.

From the Baltimore Sun.

TRIAL OF REV. C. T. TORREY.

MONDAY, Dec. 2d, 1844.

The hall of the court-house was quite thronged this morning, previous to the opening of the door of the court-room, so intense had become the popular desire to hear the closing argument of the distinguished gentleman who represents the State in this prosecution. Within two minutes after the doors were opened, the court-room was thronged in every part, and a glance at the multitude was sufficient to satisfy the eye that it was composed of the most respectable of our fellow-citizens. We observed a number of the clergymen of our city, many of the merchants, and gentlemen of every profession, and the interest which they felt in the case was emphatically expressed in the unbroken silence which was observed throughout the period of nearly three hours, which was occupied by Mr. Richardson in his address to the jury. Among other distinguished gentlemen present, we observed upon the bench, somewhat excluded by others in front, the Hon. Mr. Pratt, Governor elect of Maryland.

As soon as the Chief Judge had taken his seat, at about ten minutes after 10 o'clock, Mr. Richardson rose and spoke to the following purport:

Gentlemen of the Jury, the argument which I propose to submit to you this morning, will be confined entirely to the case which is presented by the evidence, and the law relating thereto. It is no part of my intention to travel out of the line of argument to which these limits restrict me. I shall not pretend to discuss the subject of Slavery as it exists in the South, or the peculiar views and sentiments of an adverse character entertained by the people of the North. All that I have to do, in the performance of my duty here, is to speak of the laws of the State of Maryland as we find them—it is by those laws that the prisoner is to be tried, and by the same laws you are sworn as his jurors. You will therefore try this case as you would any other—upon the law and the facts—and therefore it differs from no other. You will look only to the solemn obligation which you have assumed, and the responsibilities associated therewith. It is not for you to consider the relations of private life which may exist with regard to this prisoner; nor are you to investigate those feelings which may actuate him, as supposed to emanate from God; or any other principal of action or consideration that may have been interposed between you and your duty. You sit there bound by the oaths which you have taken, and the solemnity of the responsibilities imposed on you, responsibilities which nothing can sever, and from which nothing can release you. It is required of you that you deal impartially with this traverser, between him and the State of Maryland. Even though civil broil ensue, though servile war shall be the consequence, aye, though the disunion of this Confederacy be the result of your verdict, you cannot sever yourself from the obligations which you have respectively assumed. Coming then to the deliberation of this question, severed and segregated as you are from the community in the particular duty to which you have been called, you will come with me to the calm, unbiassed, and I am sure unprejudiced consideration of the facts of the case.

The question which engages our attention is then, what are the points which are to be presented in this case, and which are to tend to the conviction of this prisoner? It is necessary for the State to establish first, that the traverser was the individual who drove the carriage which was seen passing up the Harford road, on the morning of the 7th June, as referred to by the witnesses; and secondly, that the negroes with him in that carriage were the property of Mr. Heckrotte. This proved, the corollary of charges are established, that he enticed, persuaded, and assisted them to run away. Now, is there a man in that jury-box, who having heard all the evidence, doubts that that carriage was driven by the prisoner at the bar? I do not remember that the learned counsel who last addressed you on Saturday, attempted to controvert the fact. It is certain that on the 4th of June he hired the carriage and horses of Mr. Woodward; that he went up the road with that carriage and horses on the morning of the 5th, and returned the same day. It is equally certain that the individual now on trial, drove the carriage. The witnesses tell you positively that the prisoner is the person whom they saw so engaged. George Rigdon tells you that he saw him at Deer Creek Bridge, and looked at him there for ten minutes.

Mr. Richardson now proceeded successively to the testimony of each of the witnesses, arraying the facts first with reference to the identity of Torrey, and next those having their application for the identification of the witnesses. As this testimony has already been before the reader, it will be unnecessary to refer more particularly to it. In concluding that portion, directed towards the identity of Torrey, the learned attorney exclaimed with emphasis, if evidence could be demanded for the conviction of any man stronger than this, I am unable to determine what the strength of testimony is.

The next question is, said Mr. R. whether the negroes were the property of Mr. Heckrotte? To this point the testimony of Mr. H. was first advanced in proof that he lost them on the evening of the 4th June. There were mother, daughter, and son, all stout and well-proportioned—the first about forty years of age, the second nineteen, and the last seventeen. On the morning of the 7th, three negroes, corresponding in every particular, are seen as had been described by witnesses. Mr. Richardson referred to the dress, appearance, &c. agreeing in every particular. He thought he could not be taxing the credulity of the jury too much to ask them to believe that they were the same. Mr. R. then referred to the finding of the fragments of sausages, and the entire cracker at Deer Creek Bridge, the latter marked "H. H." He would not pretend to refer to so apparently unimportant a fact, as worthy of a moment's consideration in itself; but, contended Mr. R. facts and circumstances in such a position as those in the present case, do not have their individual weight alone. Their importance increases in geometrical progression, not fact by fact, but 1—4—16, &c. weaving, as it were, a ligament about the accused beyond the power of moral strength to destroy. Thus a withe that a mere child might break, when bound together with others no stronger than itself, may become too strong for a giant to sunder. So with a single fact which has no power in itself, when followed and associated and surrounded by others, becomes too strong for human credulity to resist.

Mr. R. then proceeded to speak of the fact of the tooth being out, as observed by Samuel Rigdon and Amos, though not by Robert Rigdon, and contended that in all cases one positive testimony was worth a dozen negative, and here were two positive to one negative.

Were this all on which the State had to rest, said Mr. R. were this all to which I have now alluded, I could confidently declare that the State had made out a case which was sufficient in itself. But there is yet behind that which, if I so express myself, puts a cap upon the pillar of evidence which no man can throw down. Here is the ribbon, gentlemen. Mr. S. then spoke to this branch of the testimony, and especially to the fact that the color had faded. Now, said Mr. R. every man knows that green is made by the admixture of yellow and blue; and any man who has but a superficial acquaintance with chemistry, knows also, that if you extract the blue, the yellow remains. Now I have, to make assurance doubly sure, taken the blue from a portion of this ribbon gradually less and less from a certain point down to the end, where I have pinned the piece found at Deer Creek. (This Mr. R. handed to the jury for their examination.) That ribbon, gentlemen, speaks more conclusively than the oath of any man upon earth.

Mr. R. now referred to the letter written by Samuel Rigdon to Mr. Heckrotte, at the instance of George, and defended the witnesses from the charge of variation in their statements, as hinted from the other side, and claimed for them, though humble in life, a character of veracity and integrity, second to that of neither judge, counsel, jury, or spectator.

But, say the counsel on the other side, it is true, if you please, that Torrey was seen in the carriage, and they were the negroes of Mr. Heckrotte. The act of Assembly confines you to the city of Baltimore. He was seen in Harford county, and you cannot punish him in Baltimore City Court. Gentlemen of the jury, look at the position in which their client is placed by the very point raised by his counsel. Although he is the guilty man, you cannot declare that he is so, because he is not before the right tribunal. So, then, under the high obligations of the oath you have taken, you are to let him go free, in the effort to grope about for the right tribunal. I apprehend that he will have to raise a higher principle of defence than this, before he asks you to trifle with your oaths. He is here, where he ought to be. This is the court in which he is and must be tried. The circumstances are on oath before us, and I ask you to go with me to their investigation. If he is not guilty here, he is not guilty in Harford. Mr. Heckrotte loses three kind, obedient, and affectionate servants; affectionate, I say, for at their own desire, on the death of their mistress, they are put into mourning for her. According to the theory of the counsel for the defence, he might have taken them up in the road without any previous understanding. We are to believe that Torrey is driving down the hill to Baltimore, and meets these three negroes, accidentally, without previous concert, or knowledge of them, takes them into his carriage, turns about and drives them into Pennsylvania. Now I say, that if they were informed that, if they left their master, a carriage would be at a given place to carry them off, though without the limits of direct taxation, and the driver of that carriage knew that they were runaway slaves, he is guilty here. If Mr. Torrey was that man, though they had never seen Mr. Torrey, he is guilty here, within the meaning of the Act of Assembly.

Mr. R. then referred briefly to the testimony of Charles Heckrotte, contending that there was some reason why the individual who was conversing with the girl at the gate, walked away when Charles approached. And if so, why should it not be Mr Torrey as well as any other man, although the counsel argues that had it been him, he would have turned the other way. Charles tells you when he sees Mr. Torrey, that he believes he is the man. Mr. Richardson now came, "last though not least," he observed, to the testimony of Southmayd. The counsel says that the State has not made out its case without Southmayd, or it would never have introduced his testimony. Such is not the case. The State could safely leave the case here; but I care not how black may be the character of the witness, there are circumstances which prove his truth, and over which his character can have no influence or control. He is there in the room with Torrey; they, with some of their fellow-prisoners, have made an effort to escape, and first it is necessary to aid the escape of one of their number. This is done by means of bail, which this court understands; a man, Klein, I mean, who will perjure himself for a price, is security for Holmes, and Holmes—the fact is uncontradicted—goes to Philadelphia, and obtains instruments for the work of escape, which are introduced into the jail to Torrey, by his landlady. At the time of this joint attempt to escape, Southmayd becomes the confidant of Torrey, and subsequently, when he thinks proper to communicate with Mr. Heckrotte, he states facts which have never been published in any newspaper in the city of Baltimore; facts that he could have had from no one but Torrey, or by special revelation; but according to the counsel on the other side, he is not the man to whom a mysterious revelation is at all likely to be made. Therefore I say, though he is black as Erebus, some good may come out of Nazareth, and the devil himself may speak the truth. Mr. Richardson read Mr. Southmayd's letter to Mr. Heckrotte; referred to the statements therein contained, relative to the old negro at the back of the Cemetery, the washing the horse in Deer Creek, the arrest of Torrey, and the taking away of his pistols, and called upon the defence to show that these things were not so. He contended that they came from Torrey, and that Southmayd could have had them from no other source. He spoke of the persuasion necessary to get the old woman away from her master, corresponding with the account given by Mr. Heckrotte, of the agreeable relations in which they lived, until the peace and harmony of the family was invaded by the evil day in which the prisoner introduced himself. And he would venture to say that they are far less happy at their present abode, than they were under the roof of a kind and indulgent master.

A word more and I have done, said Mr. R. I am not here to speak of the private relations of the prisoner with any other individual. [Here the speaker lowered his voice very sensibly.] The counsel on the other side spoke of this traverser's wife. He spoke of her as a woman, in all the mental and moral accomplishments of her sex, as fit to compare with any woman in the land. Concede, if you please, that such is the fact. It is unhappily too frequently the case, that in the administration of wholesome justice, the innocent must suffer with the guilty. Admit that the pangs to be inflicted on another, are agonizing, if you will, but if this consideration is to produce any effect upon you adverse to your convictions of justice, the guilty hereafter have nothing to do but to plead that in their punishment the pangs of anguish are to be inflicted upon the partners of their lives, to escape the penalty of their crimes. You can sympathize with her, gentlemen, you must; with all the anxiety of your mind you may feel and dwell upon the intense anguish which your verdict may inflict upon the wife, but you must render that verdict in conformity with the obligations of your oath.

Mr. Johnson has told you that Torrey is no ordinary culprit, that he is a graduate of one of our first Universities, and was in early life and for many years a distinguished minister of the Gospel in the glorious old State of Massachusetts. Devoted to the study of God's law. Has he done so? And has he not learned that that law binds him equally to God and the community in which he lives? One of the counsel has said that for the violation of the law of man he will stand justified before God. Let me tell him that he knows of no law that separates the citizen from the Christian. If I know anything of God's law, it requires every man to perform well all the relations of life. What has the chief apostle of them all instructed us?—Wives, obey your husbands; husbands, love your wives; children, reverence your parents; parents, teach your children; servants, obey your masters, not rendering them eye-service—I speak not the letter, but the spirit of the sentiment—but obedience in all things. Here, then, all the relations of life are inculcated and commended. Further says the apostle:—Obey your rulers; the powers that be are ordained of God. Thus, then, if you disobey your rulers, you violate the ordinance of God. Are not the laws of the land, and the magistrates by whom they are administered, to be respected? Am I to be told that the man who lives in the constant violation of the laws of the land, is doing his duty? Vain man! who told you that God's ordinances are higher than the laws of man? Who made you the judge of your fellows? In this country, from the Supreme Court down to the lowest tribunal, the institution in question has had sanction and protection. And can he reconcile it to his conscience to live in open or in secret violation of the acknowledged law? But peradventure, he may think the law of God higher than the law of man; and it is said that he will stand justified before the bar of God. And, moreover, peradventure, it is said that he thought he was doing God service! Ah! did he so? In the book from which he learned God's law, he will find that bright and glorious intellect which illuminated the mind of Saul of Tarsus, deceived by the same vain imagining. Saul of Tarsus, who was afterwards the chiefest of the apostles, was on his way to Damascus, to persecute the lowly followers of Jesus; but suddenly he saw a light from Heaven, a light that illuminated at once his intellect and reason; he heard the accompanying words—"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me," and looking up he saw in that bright light the lowly Nazarene exhibiting himself to his enraptured gaze, the Saviour of mankind! The honest Jew saw by the mysterious illumination of his mind the error of his ways—he, too, thought he was doing God service. That bright and glorious intellect, which afterwards irradiated the whole Christian world, was mistaken in its zeal. Let no vain man think that he is doing God service, when he comes in conflict with man's laws, ordained by his own people.

Gentlemen of the Jury, if you can acquit the traverser in the name of God, do it! But let me caution you that you allow no excitement either here or elsewhere to operate upon your verdict.

Mr. Richardson handed the indictment to the jury, when the foreman asked if they were to find the offence committed in the city of Baltimore. Mr. Richardson told them that they must, and handed them the Act of Assembly.

They then retired to their room, it being about 12 o'clock. During their absence, the traverser had an interview with his wife of a very affecting character, and she withdrew with her father from the court-room. The jury returned into Court about twenty minutes before two o'clock, having agreed upon a verdict, finding the prisoner Guilty, on every indictment.

Mr. Cox, of counsel for the defence, immediately rose and submitted a motion in arrest of judgment and for a new trial.

We understand that it is the intention of Mr. Torrey, to argue the motion for a new trial himself.

Counsel for the State, George R. Richardson, Esq.; for the defence, Reverdy Johnson, Nathaniel Cox, and Francis Gallagher, Esqs.

From the London Inquirer.

American Unitarian Ministers' Reply to English Unitarian Ministers' Address upon the subject of Slavery.

We have just received from the Rev. Dr. Hutton, to whose care it had been addressed, the engrossed copy of the Reply from American Unitarian Ministers to the Address from Unitarian Ministers in Great Britain and Ireland, on the subject of Slavery. We lose no time in giving it to the public, but we are obliged to reserve until next week the list of signatures and the accompanying letter to Dr. Hutton, from the Committee appointed to receive the names and forward the document.

*To the Unitarian Ministers of Great Britain and Ireland, who signed an Address to "their Ministerial Brethren of the Unitarian Churches in the United States of North America," dated December 1, 1843.*

REVEREND AND DEAR BRETHREN,—We have received your letter relating to Slavery, a subject of deep and fearful interest to us all. In our political relations, it is threatening to upheave the very foundations of our goverment, while it draws its dark line through the land, and painfully divides the members of a great, and, otherwise, united people, on a point touching the dearest interests of man. In its moral and religious bearings, we cannot look upon it without feeling sick at heart. It is a curse pressing every year more heavily upon society; and as we believe in the righteous retributions of heaven, so we verily believe that unless we do all that we can to purge it away, it must bring upon us the sorest calamities that, in the providence of God, can fall upon a nation. So far, there is no difference of feeling or opinion among us. We all believe that there is something for us to do. But what shall we do? How shall we act? Slavery, though it belongs only to a portion of our country, is so woven into our political organization, and, in its more extended influences and relations has such bearings, that the question is one not only of solemn interest, but of great difficulty, requiring of us the most earnest and devout thought. And as we must answer to a higher tribunal than that of man, so must we be faithful, each to his own convictions.

As it respects any direct political action for the abolition of Slavery, except in the District of Columbia and in the territories not yet admitted as independent States, it may not be known to you that the citizens of the free States have no more right to interfere than the citizens of Great Britain. As a political body each separate State has the entire control of this matter within itself; and is exceedingly jealous of any interference from without.

In addition, therefore, to what we can do for a correct public sentiment in the free States, our only appeal is to the consciences and hearts of our brethren whose misfortune it has been to inherit, whose guilt it will be, if, without strong and earnest struggles, they consent to uphold an institution which, from the dreadful wrong it inflicts on master and slave, must be unblessed of God and a curse to man.

We ask for ourselves and we ask for them the counsel and sympathy of all Christian men, and we trust that the wise and holy efforts of all will second our efforts and our prayers that Slavery may no longer stain our national character, and threaten the ruin of our republic. Our faith is strong; and while we see cause for penitence and sorrowful forebodings, we have also a bright assurance that if we are true, He who maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, will, in his own good time, point out to us a way of deliverance.

With sincere regard, your brethren in the faith and hopes of the gospel of Christ.

*May* 15th, 1844.

[Here follow the signatures of 130 ministers.]

## Communications.

Progress of Anti-Slavery in New Hampshire.

FRIEND GAY: As the Granite State has been for some months the main battle-ground of Freedom's cause, it is time that some progress should be reported. But as the Standard appears, week after week, without any such report, notwithstanding our numerous battles and victories, it occurred to me that the fault might be partly mine. I am, however, reluctant to begin, never having written for the Standard; and besides, the other agents who do write for it, and who wield pens worthy of its columns, are better acquainted with the *detail* of affairs here at this moment, than I am; my time for some months past having been divided between the cause of the slave, and my own domestic arrangements. By this time you may have received accounts from other sources; if so, I hope you will give them the preference, and allow this to remain unpublished.

We are glad of the labors of the Agents of the American Society in our warfare upon the power of darkness. There is no place this side Perdition, that more needs the visitation of light and truth, than our *supremely* Democratic New Hampshire. I can hardly agree with friend Rogers, (though no one is oftener right than he,) that she is one of the publicans or harlots, going into the Anti-Slavery kingdom before others. Publican enough, and harlot she is, indeed—but hitherto she h s given little sign of going into "the kingdom."

I think rather, that New Hampshire is a desperate case of political Phariseeism—thanking God that she is not as others are,—extortionate aristocrats, unjust Whigs, or even Third Party publicans. She "boasts the pure blood of an illustrous race" of Democrats. In 1840, when the hard cider deluge swept over the country, she claimed to be the Mount Ararat, where the lone Ark of Democracy found a resting-place. On her hill-tops, it was declared the fires

of true Freedom never went out. She exalted herself to Heaven by her professions. Her political self righteousness ran down her very streets like her mountain torrents, while her heart was harder than her mountain granite. The infamous gallows she holds more sacred than the Cross of Calvary. She wept the tears of crocodiles, over the imprisonment of Governor Dorr, and cursed the unjust provisions of the "Algerine Constitution," (to borrow her own terms,) and still refuses to wipe out of her own Magna Charta, tests and requisitions, that would dishonor a Congress of Turks. When the Right of Petion must bleed, a holocaust on the smoking altar of Slavery, she wielded the knife and lighted the pile. And then she crowned the executioner of her own appointment, with fresh and redoubled honors. At the Democratic Convention in Baltimore, another sacrifice was demanded—Martin Van Buren, her own, and till then, the party's idol throughout the North, if not the nation, was the victim. He was doomed to the political gibbet, and New Hampshire graced the tragedy, by constituting as hangman, her own ex-Governor, Henry Hubbard, next to Gordon Atherton, the pride and boast of *radical* Democracy throughout the State, and then joined in with the war-cry of—Polk, Texas, and Slavery—"now and forever, one and inseparable."

Such is Democracy in the Granite State. Our Whigracy is but "the color of an idea." It survives, to be sure, in a bevy of editors, who live by publishing Whig victories in other States, and prophesying them in this; events that I presume will be cotemporary with Miller's conflagration. The party would doubtless have long since slept forever, but for about the same reason the mother could not sing her child to sleep. Said the maid, sitting by, to her, "his face is so dirty he can't shut his eyes to save his dear life."

Third Party is but the fly on the horn of the ox—so that the democracy is in danger of gout and apoplexy from shere want of exercise; there being no opposition to excite it to action. Democratic victories in this State, like "revivals of religion," have enough of them been reported, were there the virtue of a grain of mustard seed in them, to have converted all Erebus into Eden; and yet the moral and political darkness that prevades the mass of the people, has scarce a parallel in all the annals of the past.

Such are some of the influences, in the midst of which we have for years been laboring to scatter the principles of true Freedom and Purity. Long and severe has been the conflict. Dark and drear, at times, have been our prospects—unaided and uncared for by everybody, we have stood. We heard of the *seventy* agents sent forth by the American Society, but no one of them had the desperation to come here, and beard our democratic lion in his den. We heard the clarion of triumphs gained in other States, while we were in the thick of the battle, and doubting fearfully its issue. But we never faltered. And before the arrival of the auxiliaries sent by the American Society, we had secured promise of a speedy triumph.

But no less glad were we of their coming. And now we are full of hope for our moral and political heathenism. The power of clerical despotism is no longer dreaded. Sectarian spleen and spite, but move our mirth. Religious fanaticism has given up the ghost, scarcely a "*revival*," and but few "*conversions*" having been reported, in the last two years.

In politics, the late election has made us glad. Thousands and thousands who were drunk with party zeal in 1840, have come to themselves, and on Monday last staid quietly at home; indifferent as to which of the three gladiators for the Presidency should win the day, and swear allegiance to Slavery and the Constitution. Scarcely two-thirds of the enrolled voters appeared at the polls. Even Third Party had not the success of the frog in escaping from the well. In Milford, and some other towns where we have held Conventions, the falling off from the vote of last spring, has been ominous of the final disposal of the party, as soon as we can unmask its character. It has gained nothing the past year, and could we continue our present efforts to disseminate light and truth, it would gain nothing for the coming year, but might lose all. Its organ, the Granite Freeman, I doubt, not, *would be* Anti-Slavery, but that would be *treason* to the party, and so it floats on, in the wake and shadow of the stolen Emancipator.

Our meetings are generally well attended, and the results are full of encouragement. Neither the political nor ecclesiastical clergy succeed very well in their efforts to arouse the mob. A friend in Weare had a harness fall a victim to the spirit of democracy, while his horse, that brought his whole household to the meeting, was tied at the door; and the Church, or its friends in Hancock, plundered Stephen Foster of a few dozen copies of his Brotherhood of Thieves, for the glory of God, and to prove the title of the book *a lie*. But in general, our persons and our property are tolerably safe, and are becoming more so.

We have held during this campaign, more than a hundred meetings and conventions, in all of which entire separation from all slaveholding influences, both in Church and State, has been the prominent duty enforced. This is our understanding of "No Union with Slaveholders." Third Party, we oppose with parties first—and second, for acting, as a party, under the United States Constitution; and *adhering* Quakerism and Free Will Baptism with all their Anti-Slavery professions, we find are a part of the Bulwark of American Slavery, and treat them accordingly. Our numbers are therefore small, but one can chase a thousand, and two put the whole army of the opposition to flight. New Hampshire will be slow to come into the cause; but she is coming, and when once you see her engaged, be sure it is for victory or death. Yours, truly,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

MILFORD, N. H. 12th November, 1844.

### ENGLISH FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Britannia steam-packet brings most cheering and gratifying letters from many of the most devoted friends of the cause. Though not written for publication, I trust that some of the writers will not be unwilling that the friends of the cause generally should share the satisfaction of such parts as are of public interest.—c

Dr. BOWRING says:—"It is a privilege to labor with you, even on the outskirts of the vineyard, within which you are so honorably and unwearidly toiling. *Labor?* No! We only shout encouragement."

**From a letter of the Rev. Mr. James.**

It was my purpose to have written to you on the subject of your late movement in regard to the "*Union*." I have not gone with you hitherto in this matter, but Wendell Phillips's letter in the paper I received yesterday, and a letter which I had from Miss Martineau last week, have almost made a convert of me.

**Extracts from a letter of R. D. Webb.**

DUBLIN, 3d of 11th month, 1844.

*My Dear Friend*:—As the Cunard steamboat leaves Liverpool to-morrow, I must hasten to write about the Fair. * * I had a letter from E. Pease. She is going to make up, and more than make up, for any deficiencies of ours. * * Harriet Martineau's splendid piece of worsted work should sell for more than its value, as a piece of work,—for surely it is something to have such work from such hands as hers. She is one of my greatest among women. I have never seen her, nor is it likely I ever shall. She is a great woman—the associate of nobles—while I am only a printer, and not a rich one. Thou, who hast lived in England, art aware of the power of caste in this respect—in this country—where every additional thousand pounds a man gains or loses, appears to influence his position in society. The great subject of interest in our circle at present, is Father Mathew's difficulties and the means of relieving them. The Mathew Testimonial Committee, formed nearly eighteen months ago, which was intended to superintend the disposition of a collection for the purpose of forming a permanent memorial of the apostle's labors, have come to light and life again—and are acting with energy for the purpose of making a collection on a large scale throughout England and Ireland to relieve him from his debts; and with the surplus, if any, endow him with an annuity for life, so as to make him independent, and enable him to pursue his good work without danger of farther embarrassment. The sum which James Haughton valiantly aims to collect is £20,000. * * * The Duke of Leicester and the English Earl of Devon attended the Committee a day or two since—many influential men are upon it, along with some old stagers like James Haughton, R. Allen, and myself—and I cannot but hope that such a feeling will be raised in Ireland as will do a good deal to effect our object. In England Father M. is greatly esteemed, and I think something will be done there too. If the Washingtonian and Teetotal Societies in America saw fit to contribute for this object, their money would be thankfully received and acknowledged, and duly applied. I would like that something should come from America, in order that the effort for Father M.'s relief should show how general throughout the world is the appreciation of his noble and successful labors for the good of his countrymen.

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H. C. W. has now been here nine weeks—chiefly employed in writing his account of his visit to Grafenberg. * * * In a few days, in consequence of a very pressing invitation from William Smeal and John Murray, H. C. goes to Glasgow to an annual meeting; but will be back immediately to superintend the publication of his book. He is a vast favorite with the children—they hang about him, and sit on his knee, and listen to his stories, and go out walking with him, without end. * * *

* * * * * * * *

Hast thou heard that an edition of Whittier's poems, much more full than any American volume, has been published by Clarke, (who published Lonsfellow's,) with an illuminate cover, and very neat. It is edited or prefaced by Elizur Wright, who *left out the lines addressed to Garrison*.* * * * * * Some numbers of the Emancipator were recently sent to us. * * * I thought them intolerably stupid, and marvelled how any moral reformer could feed on such husks in preference to the heart-warming and inspiriting pages of the Liberator. Nothing could give us a more living sense of the rage for politics in America, than the simple fact of such trash as the Emancipator is filled with being acceptable to people who pretend to be engaged, heart and soul, in a great philanthropic enterprise. How blind they must be to think of gaining so great an object by such paltry means. Nay, verily, party plotting will never bring down American Slavery from its pride of place. They might as well try to worry a bear in his native wilds with a pack of cottage curs. * * * I can't help being very sorry for Whittier—he is a true poet—and I love the sons of song. * * * He is the only true poet the Quakers have produced—and I have by no means "got shut," as you say in Pennsylvania, of my *esprit du corps*. I honor George Fox, and think that the early Friends, though often fanatical, and sometimes ridiculous, were, after all, a fine set of old fellows. My children will never be as good a Quaker as I am myself. * * * * I was greatly pleased by some excellent remarks, in a capital sermon by Mr. Knapp, in a late Herald of Freedom, on the natural growth of the religious sentiment, as the result of the reflection and comparison of maturer years. I admired that sermon so much that I read it aloud three times. * * *

Thine truly,

R. D. WEBB.

**Extracts from a letter of Mary Estlin, of Bristol, England.**

PARK STREET, BRISTOL, October 28, 1844.

*My Dear Madam*:—Though my contribution to the Anti-Slavery Fair is but trifling, yet, having had the charge of the articles intended for it, and the arrangement and packing of them, I am induced to take the liberty of addressing you; and to beg that, if it be not troubling you too much, you will let us know what articles sell the best? and what price, the most valuable among them fetch? that we may have some guide in furnishing our next box, which we hope will receive more numerous supplies; for many friends, on seeing the present collection, have expressed their willingness to work against another time. We laid out all the things in our drawing-room for three days previous to packing them, and they were inspected by upwards of one hundred and twenty visitors, and much interest has been excited in the object, and many inquiries made respecting it. Twenty shillings were collected from them towards the expenses of the carriage, which we do not enclose, being ignorant what sum will be required to be paid on this side the water; but the surplus, if any, shall be transmitted to you by some future opportunity. We have affixed the name and residence of each contributor to the various articles, thinking it would be gratifying to you to see the number of friends who are interested in the great cause you have so deeply at heart. I inclose some directions which my father has written respecting the Tinting by Reflection, in case you are unacquainted with it. I have had scarcely anything to do with the execution of the specimens, though my name is attached to them; from my having originally designed to send them, and from so many friends having lent their aid, there was no *one* to whom they could be assigned. My father has prepared twelve packets of the Hair of Rammohun Roy, but as he does not know how far they will be considered valuable in America, he desires me to say that if they are not likely to be saleable, he would be obliged by your giving them to Mr. S. May, of Leicester, who will return them to him. *Here* they are much prized. I don't know how far you are aware that it is owing to the exertions of Mr. James, that the box has been prepared and filled. It was entirely his plan, and he has been most assidious in his efforts to obtain contributions for it; his success in this first attempt will be an encouragement for us to make increased exertions for another year; and the attention already excited has been of use, in enabling us to give some account of your proceedings to many, who before were unacquainted with them.

* * * * * * * *

We see the Liberator regularly, and in that way keep up pretty well with your goings on; indeed it does not feel like addressing a stranger, to be writing to one whose words have often warmed my heart, and whom I long to know, and to be permitted to work with. But the earnest desire to be able to share your labors and difficulties, instead of being an idle spectator and well-wisher, is succeeded by the humbling reflection, that, till I have become proof against the temptations which assail me here, and can bear in a right spirit the difficulties that here have to be encountered, I should be ill-fitted to share in so glorious a work;—and then comes the cheering recollection, that it is not the *amount* of what each individually does, which is of consequence, but our all doing what we can; and that if we who wait, and you who work, are faithful to the trusts reposed in us, we shall be equally accepted by the Lord of the Vineyard.

Believe me to remain, dear Madam,

Very respectfully yours,

MARY A. ESTLIN.

**Extracts from a letter of Mary Carpenter, of Bristol, England, [Daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Carpenter.]**

BRISTOL, Oct. 14th, 1844.

*My Dear Madam*:—It is with much pleasure that my sister and I confide to your care the accompanying drawings, which we have prepared for your Anti-Slavery Fair; it is a gratification to us to be able thus to express, (and we wish we could do it far more effectually,) our earnest interest in the great cause of freedom to the slave. Our beloved father labored long, perseveringly, and earnestly for it, as you will have seen if you have read his Memoir. Our drawings are accompanied by some flowers drawn by a friend, and by some valuable sketches by the Messrs. Frippo, who are considered here very promising artists. Their style is much admired here, and good judges considered the figures worth at least five guineas each. Mr. Geo. F. offered to send some drawings without any solicitation on our part, and expressed much pleasure in having an opportunity of contributing to such an object. Some of our pupils are also sending their little offerings. Emily, Rosetta, Annette, and Charlotte Alexander, four sisters, (Jewesses,) and Eliza Powell.

* * * * * * * *

I warmly sympathize in your exertions, and in those of your coadjutors, particularly of Mr. Garrison, whose name Miss Martineau has made very familiar to us. I hope that if I were among you in Boston, I should rejoice to suffer the persecution and odium attached to the cause. I never see a colored person here without desiring to congratulate him, that he is in a country where he is a looked upon as a man and a brother, and regarded with peculiar interest and sympathy.

Will you accept the best wishes of all our family, and believe me to remain, dear Madam,

Respectfully yours,

YMAR CARPENTER.

**Letter of H. M. Bevan.**

20, FINSBURY CIRCUS, LONDON, 30, 10 mo. 1844.

*My Dear Friend, Maria W. Chapman*:—I have had much pleasure in assisting to prepare this box of articles, which we hope will aid you in some small degree at the approaching "Fair." By far the greater part of the contents are contributed by our kind and generous friend, Esther Sturge, to which I have had much pleasure in making a few additions.

My children also have been desirous to cast in their mite; the shell house is entirely the work of the little boy who sent the book-marks on a former occasion. He collected the shells for this purpose while staying at Margate this summer; one or two of the younger ones have been busily engaged in making book-marks; and three others too young, or too unskilful to make anything, beg to send a purse with a shilling each, out of their pocket-money. I know it is the motive, not the value of the offering which thou wilt appreciate, and that thou wilt be glad to hear their young hearts are interested in the cause of the poor slave. One of my little boys says, "he should like to send you all the money he has, only keeping one penny for himself."

Ardently longing for success to attend your unwearied exertions, I remain, with great regard, thy friend,

H. M BEVAN.

We beg it may be understood that our contribution is in connection with, and as *a part* of that of the "Glasgow Female Anti-Slavery Society." We would have sent our box to them, but for incurring additional expense of carriage.

**Extract of a letter from James Haughton.**

35 ECCLES ST. DUBLIN, 14th Oct. 1844.

*My Dear Mrs. Chapman*:—You will have learned from the public papers, the stirring events that have taken place among us since that great man, O'Connell, and his companions in captivity, have been liberated. No language could convey to you an idea of the extraordinary and most magnificent display of popular feeling which was displayed here on the day that they left the prison. No exaggeration of expression would over-color the phrenzy of the people's joy on that occasion—and their joy was tempered with so much good nature, and such perfect sobriety prevailed, that I did not hear of a single accident during the day, and yet, at times, my blood almost ran cold with apprehension lest lives should be lost, the pressure was at times so fearful; but no mischief was done. A great public dinner was given soon after, to the martyrs. I did not attend it. I dislike such exhibitions, and I was glad I did not go to that one, as it was disgraced by much drinking, and by a good deal of disgusting drunkenness. The very parties who are loud in their expressions of approval of our teetotal reformation, and who acknowledge that, but for it, Ireland would not now stand in the proud position which she occupies; have neither the virtue nor the patriotism, to forego the gratification of their sensual appetite for intoxicating drinks. I am often sick and vexed at the conduct of our middle and upper classes, in relation to our temperance reform; and my only hope is, that the People will be firm in the maintenance of their principles, and that, ultimately, their good conduct will shame or induce those above them in station, to relinquish their demoralizing customs. There is, no doubt, a great improvement of late years, in the habits of our wealthy classes; excessive drinking is but little known in private life. I apprehend there is a very striking difference between your country and mine, as regards teetotalism; here it is almost entirely confined to the *people*, with you, numbers of the *gentry* practice and advocate it.

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I am sorry to say that Father Mathew's active labors are, for the present, suspended by pecuniary difficulties; he has expended all his own, and a great deal more than his own property, in forwarding the cause, so that it is necessary to make a public appeal, in his behalf, to relieve him, and restore him to active usefulness. I cannot yet tell how that appeal may be responded to. * *

Affectionately,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

**Letter from B. B. Davis.**

WASHINGTON CITY, 12th month, 1844.

FRIENDS EDITORS.—I have just arrived here from Baltimore where I attended the trial of Charles T. Torrey. You have doubtless had some account of it through the papers ere this time, wherefore I shall give you but a brief sketch, though having occupied a reporter's desk, I was enabled to take notes of all the principal testimonies. Richardson, a man noted for slaveholding principles, is State's Attorney. The Judges are said to be of a similar stamp. The jury could scarcely be anything else but an embittered set of men against an Abolitionist—a large number of whom were challenged—very many confessed having expressed an opinion, and were excused. Reverdy Johnson, Galligher, and Cox were counsel for defendant. On the first day of the trial (the 29th) the court-house was crowded, and it remained to be so; the deepest anxiety was manifested, and in all parts of the city, the subject was talked about. The wife of Torrey was present, but had not the consolation of the presence of any females but witnesses, except two or three Friends of my acquaintance, who accompanied me the first day. There was evidence of much timidness on the part of the Friends here in relation to this subject. I saw no one of them present except those I have alluded to.

The indictment charged Torrey with "enticing, persuading and assisting" three slaves, the property of William Heckrotte, an inn-keeper in Baltimore, to run away on the night of the 4th of June last. Their ages seven, nineteen, and forty years respectively—the first, a boy, the other, two women. Heckrotte being called to the stand, said he had lost those slaves, and gave a description of their size, features, dress, &c. The old woman, as they called her, said he, had lost a tooth from the front of the upper jaw, on the right side. He said he had at no time made any promises to any one in case they would communicate to him anything from Torrey on the subject. [The State's Attorney, in a brief statement of what *would be* proven, spoke of the absence of this tooth as having been taken and retained by Heckrotte for a "certain purpose."] Charles Heckrotte, son of the above, testified to having seen a man of Torrey's appearance one evening in the latter part of May talking with Judah, one of the slaves. The night was starlight On cross examination by defence, he said he was positive the prisoner was the man he saw talking with the servant at his father's gate. Said he picked him out immediately as the man, when called on at the magistrate's office.

Nicholas Woodward sworn. He kept a livery stable, had hired to Torrey near the 4th of June, a Rockaway carriage and two dun horses.

George Rigdon testified to having seen the prisoner on the morning of the 7th of June, washing a pair of horses at a creek in Harford county, saw a carriage standing in the road. He believed he had seen the prisoner at his uncle's in 1832.

Robert Rigdon had also seen the traverser pass his blacksmith shop, in Harford county, on the morning of the 9th of June. He was driving a carriage, with three colored persons in it, a boy and two women, the women were laughing, and he saw that one of them had lost a tooth in front, and on the right side.

On cross examination this witness said the two women were riding on the back seat of the carriage, and the boy and Torrey on the front, that the curtains were down at the side, he was by the road-side, and the horses to the carriage passed in a slow trot, yet he could not be mistaken as to the missing tooth. He did not notice the teeth of the others. He did not recollect whether he had or had not said, in coming to Baltimore, that he came to help send this d—d rascal to the Penitentiary, but it was in a joke if he had said so. He complained that Johnson was "trying to catch him," (entrap him); the latter replied, "no danger, if you only don't catch yourself." Several other witnesses then testified to having seen the carriage and horses pass in the direction of Peachbottom, near the time referred to, and to other circumstances. The Court then adjourned till next morning, the 30th, at 10 o'clock.

One of the first witnesses this morning was a *graduate* of the Sing-Sing prison, in your State, and at present, an inmate of the jail in Baltimore. He was here called Southmayd, but said his true name was Thomas Hatch, and acknowledged to having gone by the name of Thomas B. Hatch, which was his name in the bill of indictment, under which he was convicted for horse stealing, in New-York—the counsel for defendant having possession of that document. It appeared also, that this witness had called himself Wilson. A question arose as to his competency to testify, but the Court decided that his general bad character had nothing to do with his veracity, and he proceeded with his story. He said he had been confined in the room with Torrey, together with six or seven other prisoners, that Torrey having more confidence in him than the rest of the prisoners, had told him he had taken three slaves from Heckrotte. He went on to give many other particulars which Torrey had disclosed to him in prison. He also said Torrey had declared he would take more slaves as soon as he could get out, and that he would murder the keepers of the jail, and also Heckrotte, if he ever got clear. He said he had taken no part in the plot to escape from jail, except to give Torrey his note for twenty dollars, to enable him (Torrey) to carry the plan into execution. He said no one had made him any promises to inducе him to disclose these matters. He said the traverser had not made any confessions to any of the rest; could give no idea of the size of the room in which they were kept, nor had he ever said anything about the subject to any one till after they had failed to break jail. Had the plan succeeded, he intended to go out with the rest, but did not think it right to assist them.

On the part of the defendant, Captain Wise was sworn. He said he had known Southmayd about seven years—he had sailed in the ship with him two years. He was well acquainted with his general character, and he would not believe him under oath. He said he had no character for anything. He had never heard anything said about his veracity—not in those words; but he had heard other individuals say that they would not believe him under oath. He had no recollection of having heard him called a liar. A warm controversy here arose on the question whether the incompetency of a witness was established by proving that his general character was bad, and that he could not be believed, or whether the proof must be direct as to his veracity. *The Court decided that they had nothing to do with anything else, and must confine themselves, strictly to the simple question of veracity!* Reverdy Johnson here read authority on this subject, and had the case been any other than one in which "the peculiar institution" was to be protected, nothing appears to me more clear than that the testimony of the culprit, Southmayd, would have been rejected. The counsel on behalf of the State also appeared to search for authority, on his side, but produced none. So the testimony of that man still stood unimpeached as the crowded throng looked on and "grinned applause."

Gray, the magistrate before whom Torrey had his first trial, was then sworn. He said Charles Heckrotte stated before him that he could not be positive that he would know the man again whom he saw at his father's gate. Lawyer Cox testified to about the same thing respecting the boy's statement at the magistrate's office. Robert Gamble, who had been imprisoned a few hours for secreting a flag staff, (a political trick,) being sworn, testified he was in the room when the prisoners were attemtpting to break jail, that he saw Southmayd up in the window *sawing off the bars*. John Zell deposed that he heard some conversation at the prison between Heckrotte and Southmayd, during which the former promised to use his influence toward obtaining a pardon for the latter—he understood by the conversation that "there would be an arrangement made."

Wm. Heckrotte being again called on acknowledged having offered to use his influence with the Governor to obtain a pardon for Southmayd.

The testimony against Torrey, notwithstanding the many contradictory statements of interested witnesses, is strong, and in this community under such a charge, his case is certainly one claiming the deepest sympathies of those having hearts to feel for the afflicted. If I am correctly imformed, his sentence cannot, if convicted, be less than eighteen years' imprisonment," a term most infamously disproportionate to the offence, even if slaves be *property*. With respect,

B. B. DAVIS.

## Congress.

Nothing of importance has yet been done in either House. The Rev. Septimus Tuston has been chosen Chaplain of the Senate, the Rev. W. M. Daily of the House. The 25th Rule was rescinded without debate, on Wednesday. Yeas 108 nays 70.

SENATE—December 4th.

Mr. Duncan's bill, appointing the first Tuesday of November 1848, and the first Tuesday in November of every subsequent fourth year, for the election of Presidential Electors, being read twice, Mr. D. remarked that the bill needed no argument.

The motion to refer to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union and to print, making it the order of the day for Monday, was carried, after some debate.

Mr. Burke moved a resolution to appoint a Committee of five, to inquire whether the Banks of the District of Columbia have transacted any business since the expiration of their charters. Agreed to without a division.

December 5th, SENATE.—The resolution offered by Mr. Benton, on yesterday, requesting information in the case of Silas Reed, Surveyor of Public Lands in Illinois and Missouri, was taken up and adopted.

Notices were given of several bills to be introduced hereafter. Adjourned till Monday.

IN THE HOUSE.—Mr. Steenrod moved the following resolution:

Resolved, That ten thousand copies, (extra,) of the report of the Select Committee appointed at the last session on the memorial of sundry members of the Legislature of Rhode Island be printed for the use of this House.

Mr. Cassin objected to the reception of the resolution; in consequence of which, under the rules, it could not be received at this time.

Mr. Steenrod moved a suspension of the rules to enable him to move the resolution at this time.

Mr. Kennedy called for the yeas and nays on the motion to suspend, which were granted; yeas 91 nays 75.

Two thirds not voting in the affirmative, the rules were not suspended, and the resolution not received.

Mr. Thompson moved the following resolution:

Resolved, That all petitions and memorials presented to this House at the last session of Congress, and referred to the several standing committees, on which no report was made, or in relation to which bills were reported which were lost in either House, may be again referred to the same committees at the pleasure of the members by whom they were respectively presented, on being handed or a list thereof presented to the Clerk.

The resolution was read and adopted.

Several notices were given of intention to introduce bills at the next sitting; and the House adjourned till Monday.


## The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1844.

*Take Notice.*—There is a paper published in this city, called the New-York Standard, and letters and papers intended for us, often get miscarried to that office. Our friends and correspondents will please be sure and direct to us, as the *Anti-Slavery* Standard.

**Special Meeting of the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society.**

On Friday, November 28th, I went to Concord with a party of Anti-Slavery friends, among whom were Mr. Garrison, and Mr. Phillips, for the purpose of attending the special meeting of the New Hampshire Society. Our chief object in attending this meeting was to assist with our council in the examination into the controversy between the Board of Managers and the publisher of the Herald as to the ownership of the paper. We arrived soon after the commencement of the afternoon session. The remainder of the session was occupied with remarks on the general subject by Messrs. Garrison, and Phillips, and myself. A committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Garrison, Phillips, Pillsbury, David M. Folsom and John Morrison of Great Falls, Pillsbury, Quincy, Mrs. Wood, of Concord, and Miss Weston, of Weymouth, to inquire into the question at issue betweeen the Board and the publisher of the Herald. The Society held no meeting in the evening, having adjourned for the purpose of attending a Fair held by the Anti-Slavery women of New Hampshire, for the benefit of the cause. The exhibition of articles was very honorable to their zeal and taste, and commanded a large attendance of purchasers. An elegant collation was also served, after which Mr. Phillips made one of his most eloquent and effective addresses. The Concord Band had volunteered their services, and diversified the doings of the evening with eloquent music. The evening went off much to the satisfaction of all interested in its success. The Fair continued through the next day, and its receipts equalled, I believe, the expectations of those who had set it on foot.

The Committee on the Herald held a meeting after the adjournment of the Society until about eight o'clock, and again after the conclusion of the Fair, and remained in session until three o'clock the next morning. The statements of both parties were heard at length and all the evidence examined and weighed, and the whole matter discussed in the fullest manner. It appeared to the Committee that the question referred to them was simply one of property. The points to be ascertained were, 1st. Did the Herald ever belong to the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society; 2d. If so, did it ever part with its property in it; 3d. If so, when; and 4th. To whom? It was agreed by all parties that the Society did own the paper at the beginning of the year 1839. The Board produced as evidence of a continuous possession, the records of the Society, showing contracts for the printing of the paper, the appointments of editor and publisher, the purchase of press and type, and other acts showing that the Board had always regarded the Society as the owners of the property, and themselves as its trustees. They also produced a number of editorials and communications of Mr. Rogers and Mr. French, showing that they regarded the Society as the owner of the property. Mr. French's case was substantially this: He admitted the property in the Herald to have been in the Society at the beginning of 1839, but affirmed that the Board in the spring of that year, conveyed the whole property in the Herald, for a certain consideration, by bill of sale, to Messrs. Chase & Crosby, its printers. At a subsequent time Mr. Crosby assigned his interest in the paper to Mr. Chase. In 1841 the subscription list was so decreased that Mr. Chase refused to continue to print the paper. Mr. French then stepped in, and with the consent of the owner of the press and types, printed it until further arrangements could be made. Mr. Rogers, at the same time, wrote an article calling upon the friends of the Herald to furnish the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society with funds to furnish the press and types for its use. Mr. French and Mr. Chase, in the same paper, had communications, stating in substance, that the "New Hampshire Society had resumed its property" in the Herald. The money was furnished chiefly by fourteen individuals, and paid to Mr. Pillsbury, the General Agent of the Society. After the money was received, and the purchase was to be completed, Mr. Rogers and Mr. French, and some other members of the Board, *but not at a meeting of the Board*, thought that it would be more safe for the interests of the paper to have a bill of sale of the press and types made to the fourteen donors of the money, instead of the Society, to prevent its possible perversion by its New Organizing. This was accordingly done. Mr. French, therefore, maintained that the whole property in the Herald, having been passed by bill of sale to Messrs. Chase & Crosby, and subsequently assigned to Mr. Chase, the whole right and property remained in him, and was conveyed by him to the Fourteen Donors, together with the press and type and that consequently, they are now the rightful owners of the paper.

It was obviously necessary to examine the instruments by which these transfers were made, and especially the bill of sale to Messrs. Chase and Crosby. On the paper being produced, however, it was found to be neither formally nor substantially "a bill of sale," but merely a *contract* for the printing of the paper. The printers, by this contract, were to have as their remuneration all the proceeds of the subscription list, until it should reach two thousand, after which number they were to pay half the surplus subscriptions into the treasury of the Society. The only difference between this contract and those usually made between publishers and printers of newspapers, was, that it was made for an indefinite, instead of a limited, period. It appeared plain to all the Committee that the Society had not parted with their property in the Herald or the list of subscribers, by this contract; that they had only parted with it during the continuance of the contract; and that when the contract was broken, by the refusal of Mr. Chase to print the paper, it instantly reverted into the possession of the Society. The title never having been in Mr. Chase, of course he could convey none to the persons to whom the press and types were afterwards transferred. This seemed to be the opinion of Messrs. Rogers, French, and Chase at the time, as appeared from their own communications in the Herald. It was the unanimous opinion of the Committee, including Messrs. Morrison and Folsom of Great Falls, the warm and intelligent friends of Mr. French, that the New Hampshire Society had never parted with its property in the Herald since it was acquired, and that consequently the Society is still the rightful owner of the paper.

The Committee regarded this as the most important question submitted to them; inasmuch as it would be a comparatively easy matter to procure a press and type with which to print the paper, should those now used be found not to belong to the Society. On examining the question of the ownership of the press and types, it appeared to a majority of the Committee that they also were justly the property of the Society. It appeared that the Abolitionists were expressly called upon at the time to furnish the "New Hampshire Society" with funds to procure these materials. The funds were contributed on the understanding that they were to be used for the purchase of these materials for *the Society*. The money was paid to the General Agent of the Society, and so were in its possession. The Committee thought it clear that the Board itself could not use it, properly, for any other purpose than that for which it was given. Still less, they conceived, could any individuals of the Board, in an unofficial capacity, (although acting, as was unanimously conceded, in the most entire good faith, and most disinterested zeal for the paper and the cause,) give a good title to those in whose name the bill of sale was made out. At the utmost, as it appeared to the Committee, all the interest that these gentlemen could acquire, would be to hold the property as trustees, for the benefit of the Society,—the absolute property being in the Society. Messrs, Morrison and Folsom were not clear that the ownership of these *materials* was not in the Fourteen Donors; the rest of the Committee were entirely satisfied that the property in the materials as well as in the paper, (as to which, they were all of one mind,) was rightfully in the Society. These were the conclusions to which the Committee arrived as to the property of the Society in the Herald, and its printing materials. They expressed, in the fullest manner, their confidence in the perfect good faith and honesty of intention of Mr. Rogers and Mr. French in the premises; as they attributed the whole misunderstanding to honest mistakes as to the nature of the transactions between the Society and its publishers. The Report of the Committee, drawn up by Mr. Garrison, also expressed their sense of the purity of the motives that induced the Board, and particularly its Chairman, Mr. Foster, to institute this inquiry. For this, however, I must refer my readers to the Report itself, which will be speedily laid before them.

This Report was made to the Society on the after noon of Saturday, and accepted. Its consideration was assigned for Sunday morning. On Saturday evening, however, at the request of Mr. French, the Report was taken up, and he expressed his sentiments on the subject. Mr. Foster made a statement of the evidence in the case, and of the motives of the Board. The question was discussed during the whole of the next day, by the President of the Society, Mr. Comings, Messrs. Folsom, Phillips, Morrison, Ela, Foster, French, Pillsbury, Melendy, Quincy, and others. Mr. Foster, on Sunday morning, stated in reply to the suggestion, that this inquiry began in a wish to get rid of Mr. Rogers and Mr. French, that the Board were ready to employ those gentlemen in their present capacities, as heretofore, provided the property of the Society in the Herald were recognized. On Mr. French being interrogated by Mr. Phillips, why he would not assent to this arrangement, he intimated he would make no arrangements with a Committee to which Mr. Foster belonged. Mr. Foster rose to reply, and while he was speaking, Mr. French left the house. Mr. Foster proceeded to say, that if his belonging to the Board were the only obstacle to an amicable arrangement, it should be removed; for that upon the property of the Society in the Herald being acknowledged, he would immediately resign his place upon the Board, and leave the contracts to be made by his associates. Mr. French did not again attend the meeting, so his views as to this suggestion could not be ascertained. It was the universal feeling, however, of the friends present, that the concession and offers of the Board were fair and honorable, and as much as could be reasonably expected of them. In this opinion the particular friends of Mr. French fully coincided with the rest of the Society. It was earnestly hoped by all that they would be made the basis of an amicable arrangement. A resolution affirming as the sense of the Society, that the Herald, and its materials, were the property of the Society, and should be under the control of its Executive Committee, was then passed, with but two or three dissenting voices. Resolutions, expressing the wish of the Society, that the Board would continue to employ Mr. Rogers as editor, and Mr. French as printer, were then passed unanimously. The business meetings, though not crowded, were highly respectable, both for the number, and character of the members in attendance.

In the evening, the Town Hall was crowded with a full and attentive audience, comprising many members of the Legislature, to listen to an analysis and condemnation of the existing Slaveholding Constitution of the United States. Mr. Pillsbury first addressed the audience, and was followed by myself. Mr. Phillips concluded in his usual powerful and impressive manner. The meeting then adjourned in strong hopes of having done good service to the cause, both in regard to the particular business which had occupied the chief of their attention, and to the general interests of the cause.

I have left myself no room in which to speak of the hospitality with which the "stranger friends" were treated by the Abolitionists of Concord. It was of the most kindly and fraternal character, and will never be forgotten by those who enjoyed it.—Q.

**Meeting for the Formation of a Prison Association in New-York.**

It is a cheerful and cheering sign of the times that men can shake themselves clean, almost in a moment, of the dust of a bitter political conflict, and turn from the hurry and scramble of their every-day money-getting life, to look at the condition of their fellows, and do the noble and more grateful work of raising them from their wretchedness and degradation. Society is learning the lesson that it itself, in a great measure, creates the criminal, whom it punishes. It has almost learnt another and easier lesson, that it makes Ishmaelites of all who offend against its laws. *Punishment*, and not *reformation*, has heretoore been the principle on which the relation between society, and the offenders against it, has been established. The man or the woman, on whom their defective education, or defective physical or moral organization, or misfortune, or wilful wickedness, has caused the vengeance of the State to fall, have found their punishment to end only with their lives. They have not thrown off with the garb of the prison, the prison discipline. They have only exchanged one keeper for thousands; escaped the lash of twisted cords, to feel that of universal scorn and distrust, and left behind them the hard fare and solitude of their cells, to seek the unwelcome subsistence which the world gives, and the companionship of outcasts like themselves. A better day is dawning for these wretched beings, and the just and the good everywhere are beginning to feel that even these also, are men and brothers.

On Friday evening last, a meeting was called in this city, for the formation of a prison association. The second article of its Constitution explains its object:

1st. The melioration of the condition of prisoners, whether detained for trial, or finally convicted, or as witnesses.

2d. The improvement of Prison Discipline, and the government of prisons, whether for cities, counties, or States.

3d. The support and encouragement of reformed convicts after their discharge, by affording them the means of obtaining an honest livelihood, and sustaining them in their efforts at reform.

The meeting was addressed by Mr. Edmonds, the present Chairman of the Board of Inspectors, William H. Channing, Isaac T. Hopper, and others. The first gentleman presented an array of facts and arguments, which should convince the most sceptical, that the law of kindness, and not of force, is the most efficient instrumentality, in the government of prisons, and the most certain in effecting the desired end. Mr. Channing made an ap-

peal in his peculiar and fervid eloquence which must have filled all hearts with the very spirit of Christianity. The long service of our friend Hopper, as an inspector of prisons, his enlarged and far-seeing benevolence, and his long experience as a friend of the outcast and despised, gave to his remarks an interest which was deeply fel by all who listened to his earnest words. The present condition of the prisons at Sing-Sing, in comparison with their past estate, was referred to by several speakers. The female department there presents the most triomphant proof that there is a better way than compulsion and fear of punishment by which human beings can be governed. Under the kind guidance and affectionate care of the present matron, and her assistants, these poor women, many of whom have never known anything but wretchedness and crime, have become like little children in their repentance, and are seeking like women indeed a higher and a better life. The ribald conversation, the reckless hatred of order, the passionate resistance to wholesome restraint, have yielded to the quiet and all-pervading influence exercised over these erring women, by those who regard themselves, not as their keepers, but as their friends.

There is in the public mind an evident disposition to second efforts like these; and though few can, or would be willing, to make themselves the great sacrifices, and endure so much of self-denial for the prisoners, as the matrons in this Institution do, yet it is an encouraging and joyful fact that a want is felt and expressed for the establishment of a different and better state of things. The hand of kindness will be stretched out to him who commences life anew, and who comes from the Penitentiary with better principles, and high resolves, induced under a system which aimed at reformation and not at punishment. The Society should receive the cordial support of every friend of humanity.—G.

### Calvin Fairbanks, and Delia A. Webster.

I mentioned some time since the imprisonment of these two persons, in Lexington, Kentucky, for the same crime for which Burr, and Work, and Thompson, were incarcerated in a Missouri Penitentiary, three years ago, and have nine long years yet to stay—the devil willing;—for which Lane was imprisoned in Virginia, a year ago—for which Torrey has just been found guilty, and must be imprisoned, perhaps six years in expiation; and for which Walker has been set in the stocks, and branded with the letters, S. S.—Slave Saviour,—as somebody has interpreted them to mean. Mr. Fairbanks, it seems, is a Methodist minister, and preached once in the Congregational Church in Lexington. Soon after, three slaves were missing, and after being sought for in vain, suspicion fell upon Mr. Fairbanks, and he was followed into a neighboring county, and arrested. He now lies *in chains* in the Lexington jail. Suspicion for some reason fell also upon Miss Webster, and her trunk was searched by the authorities. In it was found a letter from Fairbanks, in which were some allusions to Slavery. This was enough, and she also was imprisoned in the same jail in which he is confined. Three indictments have been found against her, and she now awaits her trial, which does not take place till March.

A meeting of the citizens of Ferrisburg, Vt. nas been held to consider Miss Webster's case. She is from that town. A committee was appointed under the following resolution:

Resolved, That a committee be appointed by this meeting, for the purpose of ascertaining through authentic sources, the facts in relation to the character and standing of the said D. A. Webster, embracing so much of her past history as may have any bearing upon her present circumstances.

The report of the Committee has been published. It is as follows:

The committee appointed by the citizens of Ferrisburg, to inquire into the facts in relation to the character of Delia A. Webster, &c. made the following report:

We find by reference to the family record, that Delia A. Webster is the daughter of Benajah and Esther Webster, and was born in the town of Vergennes, in the county of Addison, and State of Vermont, December 17, 1817. The family having resided many years in Vergennes, our nearest market town, and for the last thirteen years in Ferrisburg, have long been well known to the committee as respectable citizens.

It appears that at an early age, Delia A. the subject of our present inquiry, united with the Congregational Church in Vergennes, and remained in full fellowship therewith, up to the time of her leaving this part of the country for the Southwest, being regarded as one of more than extraordinary piety and conscientiousness. The committee are warranted in bearing testimony to her unblemished character, and they have the satisfaction to add, that in the various relations of life, both as a school-teacher, and as a member of civil and religious society, her deportment has been such as to gain the esteem of a large circle of friends, who deeply sympathize with her in her present unhappy condition.

Benjamin Ferris,
Row'd T. Robinson,
Cyrus Prindle,
Henry Rogers,
} *Committee.*

*Ferrisburg, Nov.* 2, 1844.

Surely we are a very long-suffering and patient people. Work, and Burr, and Thompson, in Missouri;—Fairbanks and Delia A. Webster in Kentucky—Lane in Virginia—Torrey in Maryland—Walker in Florida,—all Northern people, and all imprisoned for the very act, which, strange as it may seem, the Northern people are always more ready to commit, than any other Anti-Slavery duty which can be presented to them. There is that much sympathy for the slave everywhere, that most people are ready to assist, and even defend the fugitive when he is presented before them. But these people who have done no more, are forgotten in their lonely cells, or if remembered, men will not see that just such deeds must grow more frequent, and slavery grow bolder, and assert her supremacy more entirely everywhere, if her existence is permitted. But these things are hastening us to the end, and the day is not far distant, when the North will declare with one voice, accursed be the Union under whose sanction such crimes are perpetrated.

### Philadelphia Fair.

The Philadelphia friends, I hear, are making great preparations for their Annual Bazar. They mean that it shall exceed any previous one in the beauty and variety of articles which will be offered for sale. Rumors reach me of heaps of all sorts of beautiful and useful, and pretty and useless things, beneath which the Committee are buried, and out of which they are dilligently digging and producing order out of chaos as they dig. I cannot give particulars, because, first, I hav'n't got them, and secondly, because if I had, I couldn't understand them, for my lore is limited on the subject of aprons, and night-caps, lace-capes, lamp-mats, worked-bags, and needle books, and all the variety of articles which are produced by the mysterious craft of needle-workers. My education has been much neglected in this respect. Our friends fail, however, in one thing, namely:—that they do not make *talk* enough about what they are doing, and what they expect to do. This talk is a mighty instrumentality. Our Boston friends understand this, and are careful that the busy hum of preparation shall go out from the city through the papers, to all the country towns and neighborhoods, and excite many to labor, whom a simple advertisement alone would fail to stir to any exertion. "A stitch in time saves nine," says the proverb; but in these cases, a stitch in time will make a thousand, which is the thing needful.

I wish I could say the fitting word for these industrious and zealous workers; but it needs a pen sharper than a cambric needle, and an initiation in the craft, neither of which I have, to give the power of instilling their zeal and industry into others. But this I do know, and can say,—that they are working for the slave—that in the midst of their household duties, they are quietly and cheerfully laboring, asking and receiving no thanks but that which their own consciences give them. I know something of the manifold vexations, and continued, wearisome labor, which is the lot of those who undertake the management of these affairs. And I know how light it seems—heavy as it is in reality—and how cheerfully and gladly it is borne, and with what a self-sacrificing spirit for the cause's sake, if there is but the requisite co-operation from those at a distance, to make the effort a successful one. Nothing fans the flame of their enthusiasm so effectively as the assurance that others are laboring in the same spirit. What they have already, receives a double value from their determination that they *will* be successful, when they are encouraged by the intelligence that the "*things*" are coming in from every quarter—be they boxes of pinafores or poultry, caps or candles, it matters not what, so they have a market value. Do the friends in the country remember this? and remember also that they have a duty to perform in this matter? Here is no "vanity Fair" where men and women work or the *eclat* attending some popular charity, and benevolence "flatters in brocade," and swears it's very proper because it's very fashionable; but an unpopular and holy cause, which those who labor in must do so with singleness of heart, and purpose, and be content to find their reward in the consciousness of a worthy action, and the blessing of those in bonds, and it may be also the revilings of the world. There are none so poor that cannot do something. The products of the farm and the workshops,—the fruits of leisure hours devoted to toil that shall carry with it its own blessings,—a mite from your abundance, or your poverty—the handiwork of men, or women, or even children—anything which willing work, or refined taste can produce,—each and all will give a tenfold return, and be twice blessed. Let all contribute something, counting it a privilege to fill thus the Treasury of the Slave.—G.

### Captain Walker Branded!

Henry W. Williams, of Boston, has received a letter from Florida, giving the particulars of the trial and sentence of Capt. Walker. This deed was done, be it remembered, in a territory of the United States, and under laws for which all supporters of the Constitution and Government are responsible. That poor Torrey should be be condemned to the fate of a felon for years, for an offence against the laws of a slaveholding State, excites no surprise, for a barbarous system must have barbarous laws to sustain it. But not alone are the people of Florida responsible for the condemnation of Walker. There is prating enough throughout the whole North of the love of liberty, and hatred of chattel Slavery in particular, but where, except among Abolitionists, will there be one word of indignation heard, that a native citizen of Massachusetts has been branded with a hot iron in a territory of the United States? But it cannot be so always. That branded hand, may yet make the tyrants tremble, as did the hand that wrote upon the wall at the feast of the King. It cannot be but Massachusetts men will yet feel something of the old spirit stirring within them, when the hardy Cape Cod seaman shall point them to letters burnt into his flesh by the branding iron of the slaveholders. If the North will care nothing for the slaves, who are scared all over with their instruments of torture, they will at least be moved when these things are done to themselves Here is the letter, which I copy from the Liberator of last week:

Escambia County, 11th mo. 17th, 1844.

*Henry W. Williams, Respected Friend.*—Being under the impression that there are some persons in your section of the country who are anxious to learn the result of Jonathan Walker's trial at Pensacola, I hasten to inform you that it took place on the 14th, and terminated on the same day. Between 10 and 11, A. M. the prisoner was arraigned before the Court; but, not having any counsel, the Judge appointed Benjamin D. Wright, a member of the bar, to defend him. The District Attorney, who was the prosecuting officer, presented to the Court four indictments against the prisoner—one for aiding and assisting, and one for enticing slaves to run away—and two for stealing slaves. The prisoner was put upon his trial, and found guilty of all four indictments by the Jury, and a verdict rendered as follows.

1st. To be BRANDED IN THE RIGHT HAND with the letters S S.

2d. To stand in the pillory one hour.

3d To be imprisoned fifteen days.

4th. To pay a fine of one hundred and sixty dollars.

Prisoner Walker was again remanded to jail until the 16th, at 10 A. M. when he was again conducted to Court, and the Judge pronounced the sentence upon him, viz—To stand one hour in the pillory, (which was in front of the court-house,) and branded in the right hand with the letters S. S.—after which, to be remanded to prison for fifteen days, and there to remain committed until the fine and cost of prosecution should be paid, which cost I have not been able to ascertain.

The first two specifications were executed, and prisoner Walker was again placed in the jail, to undergo the third, but was not put in irons, as before, greatly to his relief.

A few hours after he had been committed, the sheriff came and served three writs upon him, for trespass and damages to the amount of $106,000—viz:—Byrd C. Willis $3000; Robert C. Caldwell, $3000; George Willis, $100,000!! Upon each of these writs, the prisoner was summoned to appear at the May term, 1845, and answer, &c. The three above named persons are the reputed owners of the slaves named in the indictments. Good order and quietness prevailed through all the proceedings with one exception. When the prisoner had been in the pillory about half an hour, the aforesaid Geo. Willis stepped to the prisoner, from the crowd of spectators, (who were very peaceably beholding the execution of the laws of Florida) and snatched from his head a handkerchief, which the deputy marshall had placed upon it, to screen the prisoner's head from the violent heat of the sun which shone upon it, and took from his pocket *two rotten eggs, and hurled them at the prisoner's head*, which took effect.

This excited a burst of indignation from many present. I was satisfactorily informed that he had been very solicitous among the boys, offering them a great price for some rotten eggs, and any person that would throw those at the prisoner; but he could not bribe or find any one inhuman or vile enough to do the deed but himself. The prisoner remained silent throughout, except to the officers who had him in charge. He is in good spirits, and thinks that if it is for the best, he shall weather the storm by and by.

AN EYE WITNESS.

### "Progressive Democracy."

It is fitting that the same paper which announces that a Freeman has been BRANDED for obeying the dictates of common humanity, and endeavoring to give a practical illustration of his belief in that "rhetorical flourish" of the fathers, should contain also the creed of the dominant party of the Republic. The following toast was drunk at a democratic dinner given to the electors of this State, last week, at Albany. Who will doubt that we are a Liberty-loving people, after reading such brave words? Missouri, and Kentucky, and Virginia, and Maryland, and Florida, prisons, and the great prison-house of the South, with its three million convicts, are to be winked out of sight for the moment.

*Progressive Democracy.*—Christianity applied to Government of human creation—teaching good will to men—manifesting it in constant works—embracing the widest extent of humanity in its reach, and aiming constantly at perfection.

### South Carolina.

The message of the Governor, from which extracts were given in last week's Standard, meets with a hearty response from but a small portion of any party. The ultra nullifiers and Disunionists, of course, give it their most unqualified approval, but the more moderate of that party are disposed to condemn it as ill-timed and uncalled for. The resolutions offered by Mr. Pickens in the Senate, were given last week. In the House, the next day, when the message came up, Mr. Memminger offered the following preamble and resolution. "You may rest assured," says the correspondent of the Charleston Courier, writing from the Capital, "that the temper of the Legislature, like that of the people, is for that wise moderation, which at present is so desirable and necessary."

"Whereas. The House most cordially welcomes the election of the Democratic Republican candidates for President and Vice President of the United States, as the triumph of those principles which were so distinctly avowed by the Convention at Baltimore, whose nomination they accepted: And, whereas, this House entertains entire confidence in the integrity and public virtue of these distinguished citizens, and regard it not only to be due to them, but to the good faith which this State owes to their brethren throughout the Union, who have made common cause in this great contest, patiently to await the measure of the new administration, and to take no separate action which may embarrass their progress in carrying out the policy to which they stand pledged:

Therefore, Resolved, That this House deem it inexpedient to take further action on that portion of the Governor's message which relates to the tariff, to Texas, and to the Abolitionists."

### South Carolina and Massachusetts.

We seem to be approaching a crisis. South Carolina notwithstanding the resolutions in the paragraph above, grows belligerent and swears round oaths in hot rage at the presumption, of Massachusetts in presuming to send an agent there to look after her citizens, who are locked in the "Sugar House." Mr. Hoar announced his arrival in Charleston, and the purpose of his mission, to the Governor, and the Governor thereupon sent a special message to the House, and the House passed incontinently a series of red-hot resolutions. A friend, who has just arrived from Charleston, brings news of intense excitement in that city. The authorities, he says, had waited on Mr. Hoar, and declared they would not be responsible for the consequences should he remain. Mr. Hoar replied that he would fulfill his duties till his State recalled him. Good. Here is a man at last who dares look the Southerners in the face. They threaten lynch law. Are they mad enough for this? There is, I *hope*, a point at which the North will think that patience ceases to be a virtue.

N. B. Since the above was in type, intelligence has been received that the Legislature have passed a resolution ordering Mr. Hoar to leave the State!

### Right of Petition.

The head of the Sultan of Turkey would have rolled in the Bosphorus, had he dared to have denied this beggar's right to the meanest of his subjects, for one half so long as we have submitted to be without it from our servants. But our servants are the slaves of a mightier power than any Sultan's, and never have any people submitted with greater meekness to their tyrants than this whole people has, to it. Our right to pray is at length conceded, and we are bound to exchange congratulations on this triumph, after a ten years' struggle. The smallest favors *are* thankfully received by the magnanimous North. Proclaim it, Freemen! the world over, that the nation which set up the Standard of Universal Liberty, and fought around it seven long years, did, seventy years after, establish upon a bais firm enough to last till the next Congress, the right of the subjects to petition their own representatives to abolish chattel slavery in the national domain! Rather should we weep at the necessity of the fact, than rejoice at the fact itself. Rather should we hang our heads in shame, that we did not long ago proclaim, that there was not, and could not, and should not be any union with men who deny us the right which is refused no where under the canopy of heaven, except to the plantation slaves of our own country under the lash of the overseer, and ourselves. Here is the vote by which this mighty triumph was achieved, if any one cares to know which party is by half a dozen members the least slavish.

| | *Aye.* | *No.* |
|---|---|---|
| Northern Democrats, | 55 | 16 |
| " Whigs, | 48 | 00 |
| Southern Democrats, | 0 | 48 |
| " Whigs, | 5 | 16 |
| | 108 | 80 |

Absent, or not voting, 20 Democrats and 10 Whigs,—30.

From the Eastern and Middle States, there were only 7 votes against it—namely, from New Hampshire, Messrs. Norris, Reding and Burke; from New-York, King and Murphy; and from Pennsylvania, Bidlack and C. J. Ingersoll. The other 9 from the free States were, from Ohio, Messrs. Matthews, Stone and Weller; from Indiana, Brown and Davis; from Illinois, Ficklin, Hoge, McClernand and Smith.

The following are the words of the Rule now rescinded:

"No petition, memorial, resolution, or other paper, praying the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, or any State or Territory, or the slave-trade between the States or Territories of the United States in which it now exists, shall be received by this House, or entertained in any way whatever."

It is something, however, to know that the South esteem it a hard blow aimed at the sovereignty. A writer in the Richmond Enquirer, [supposed to be Mr. Pickens, of South Carolina,] says:

"The vote was strictly a Northern and Southern vote; and I confess I feel deeply mortified and concerned. It will tend to inflame our Southern friends, and to produce, I fear, much mischief. It is thought by some that the movement covered a hidden purpose to strike down a certain Southern Statesman, [Mr. Calhoun, of course,] by either throwing him in direct opposition to this State, and thus compel him to retire to private life, or otherwise doom him to a fixed minority in the whole country. Whether this be the object or not, I shall not stop to inquire. I look upon it with fearful forebodings, as indicating a want of sincerity and good faith, as well as good feeling on the part of our Northern friends. The result has produced a profound sensation here."

Illinois and Indiana should be regarded as slave States, for their sympathies are with the South, populated as they are in great measure by Southern people. But two men from this State, and two from Pennsylvania, were base enough to vote for Slavery. New Hampshire is prominent above all the North, as faithful to her master to the last.

### The Winter Campaign.

The labors of the American Anti-Slavery Society in New Hampshire have been brought to a close for the present; the fair proportion of effort due to that State having been expended. The advocates of the cause who have been engaged there, have divided into two corps, one to proceed to Maine, the other to Pennsylvania, to the aid of the friends in those States. We commend Miss Kelley, Miss Hitchcock, and Dr. Hudson, to the unfailing hospitality of the Pennsylvania Friends. It is a heart-moving sight to see the beautiful and entire devotedness of these two gifted young women. Both are eloquent and indefatigable; but their success is less owing to this great zeal and ability, than to their elevated moral natures, which no wrong can overcome, and no obstacles discourage. The flintiest hearts yield to their disinterested advocacy. Having given their youth and all they possess to the cause, receiving nothing again, their lives are a perpetual admonition to the selfishness, the ambition, the cupidity, and the frivolity which make men sympathize with the oppressor and overlook the oppressed.

Mr. Remond, Mr. Douglass, and Mr. Foster are to join the friends in Maine. We need not commend them to the hearts and homes of the Abolitionists there, where all are so well known and so highly valued.—c.

### Emigration to Texas.

A paper published in the frontier town of Van Buren, says that the number of emigrants that have passed through that place during the fall and summer, is greater than that of any previous year. Seven or eight hundred wagons, and not less than five thousand people have been counted. The emigrants have with them immense numbers of cattle, and *stock* of every description—which probably includes slaves. The Clarksville Standard, published within the borders of Texas, speaks of numbers also who are returning in consequence of the scarcity and dearness of provisions, and other difficulties which they were obliged to encounter. The writer adds: "Even now as we write, four wagons are passing the office from Greene County, Illinois, with Polk, Dallas, Oregon and Texas, printed on the covers!"

### Mexico.

If it is possible for the United States to pick a quarrel with Mexico, it will be done. The documents accompanying the President's Message include the instructions of Mr. Calhoun to Mr. Shannon the Minister to Mexico, with various letters showing the contemplated invasion of Texas by that power. It seems very evident by the letter to Gov. Shannon, that our Secretary of State was determined to bring about a rupture between the Governments. The most captious fault-finding characterizes that document. The instrument appointed for the purpose was well chosen. Though Gov. Shannon has disgraced himself and his Government, in his blundering stupidity, and its unhesitating scoundrelism, he has succeeded in creating difficulty enough, as will be seen by our Mexican news in another column. Since that was in type, the correspondence between Shannon and Rejon has been published, but there is no room for it in our paper of to-day. Senor Rejon gives a very plain and faithful history of the treachery of this government in relation to Texas. He has Governor Shannon very fairly "on the hip," in showing him the inconsistency of his own declaration, that we had sought the Annexation of Texas for twenty years, with the uniform declaration of our Government for several years past, that we had in no way interfered with the Texan revolt.

The slave-power will stop at nothing to involve us in a war. Among other precious documents in relation to this subject, is a letter from Mr. Calhoun to our Minister in France, in which he endeavors to excite the jealousy of France against England, for the protection of *our* "Peculiar Institution." He argues that without Annexation, British influence will prevail in Texas, and abolish Slavery, and that abolition must then soon follow in the Southern States and in the West Indies. This, he says, will be beneficial to England, who has been injured by her own Emancipation act, in the decrease of her production of sugar, and other tropical staples, but will regain her ascendency when the abolition of Slavery shall become universal. A more atrocious appeal than this, was never made by any Government. But to such measure of greatness have we come at last. So has it always been, and so will it always be, under the present Union. When the sea is swept of our commerce by privateers, under Mexican Letters of Marque, the North may seriously count the value of the Union. In the meantime it is evident that the South are determined to bring up the issue of Slavery or no Slavery. So be it. The sooner we come to that, the better.

### Meetings in Pennsylvania.

Our friends Abby Kelley, E. J. Hitchcock, and Dr. Hudson passed through here a few days since, on their way to Pennsylvania. I learn by a letter from Philadelphia, that Miss Kelley lectured there on Friday evening last to a crowded and deeply interested audience. The meeting was protracted to nearly eleven o'clock, to listen, after the address, to a debate between Miss Kelley and Thomas Earle, on the non-voting theory. The regular series of Conventions was begun the next day in Bucks County, where the three agents with several friends from the city were present. This is the beginning of a great work for Eastern Pennsylvania. There is no need to urge all our friends to attend the meetings. The notice will be found in to-day's paper.

An Honest Man.—The last Western Citizen contains an able letter from Samuel B. Skelley, of Eden, Randolph County, Illinois, who resigns his commission as a Justice of the Peace, because he cannot conscientiously execute the laws of that State in relation to colored people, nor give his support to the Constitution of the United States, because it supports Slavery. The letter will be published in next week's Standard.

Charles T. Torrey.—In to-day's paper will be found the argument of the State's Attorney in Torrey's case, and a letter from our correspondent, giving a sketch of the evidence. A fuller account of the trial will be published next week. Reverdy Johnson, who made an eloquent plea in Torrey's behalf, would receive no fee for his services. As was stated last week, a motion was made in arrest of judgment, and for a new trial. The following is a copy of the motion and reasons.

The traverser by his counsel, moves the Court to arrest judgment upon the verdict, because

*First.* The indictments do not aver either that the traverser is a free man or a slave, and without such an averment, there is no offence stated under the Act of Assembly of 1827, chap. 15, or any other law of the State.

*Second.* Because the indictments are, in other respects, substantially informal and defective.—*Balt. American.*

Hon. Henry A. Foster, and Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson have been appointed by the Governor of this State, to fill the vacancies in the U. S. Senate, occasioned by the resignation of Messrs. Wright and Talmadge.

Governor Corwin has been chosen United States Senator from Ohio.

☞ This day is consecrated to prayer, praise, and thanksgiving, by proclamation of the Governor, for such citizens of this State as feel disposed therefor.

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

### Foreign.

The Steamship Caledonia arrived at Boston on Saturday last. She brings no news of any importance or interest.

Incendiary fires continues to be frequent in different parts of the country.

Mrs. Holland died recently at the age of 73.

Meetings have been held in England and Ireland to relieve Father Mathew from debt, and place him beyond pecuniary need hereafter.

Mr. O'Connell has abandoned the "Federal" project, and is more urgent than ever in favor of Repeal.

A secret society for political purposes has been discovered in Poland, and three lawyers sent to Silesia for life, and eighteen others sent for ten years.

Several conspiracies have, it is said, been discovered in Madrid and Barcelona, to murder Narvaez, and overthrow the Government.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

### Important from Mexico—War Threatened.

New Orleans, November 27.

*Important Intelligence.*—By the arrival at the Southwest Pass of the English frigate Spartan, Hon. Capt. Elliot, commander, which sailed from Vera Cruz on the 17th instant, we have intelligence fifteen days later from Mexico.

The Spartan brought despatches for the English Government, and in the present critical state of Mexican affairs they are doubtless of great importance.

The city was rife with rumors yesterday morning, to the effect that our Minister to Mexico, the Hon. Wilson Shannon, had demanded his passports, and was on his way home, and also that a serious revolution had broken out in Mexico, which had resulted in the overthrow of Santa Anna. There certainly was some foundation for this startling intelligence; but the news does not turn out as important as was at first reported, although still of a momentious nature.

It would appear, from such of the published correspondence as we have seen in the Diaro, that on the 31st ultimo, Governor Shannon addressed a letter to the Mexican Governor, protesting against the proposed invasion of Texas by Mexico, and especially against the manner in which the invasion was to be made. To this the Minister of Foreign Affairs replied,—(we have not seen his communication,)—denying the right of the United States or any foreign government to interfere in the internal affairs of the republic. Gov. Shannon, in answer, chracterizes the Secretary's letter as being grossly offensive, inasmuch as it charges the United States, its government and people, with falsehood, trickery, intrigue and designs of the most dishonorable character. Gov. Shannon alleges that the note of the Secretary is so gross in its character, so offensive, that he can only demand that it be at once withdrawn.

The Mexican Minister replies with the utmost warmth. He treats the earlier part of Mr. Shannon's correspondence as being supercilious and offensive, justifies all that he has himself written, protests that the Mexican Government has done, and is doing, all that it can to prevent a rupture with the United States, but that affairs have reached such a crisis that it is necessary for his Government to speak out plainly before the world. He declines to withdraw the note.

From the tone of this letter, it is evident enough that the Mexican Minister is of the opinion that Mr. Shannon does not speak the sentiments of a majority of the people of the United States in relation to the Texas question. He considered, too, that our recent Presidential contest must have resulted in the election of Clay, and he speaks of that gentleman, Mr. Adams, and the United States Senate, in terms the most dainty, while he holds Mr. Tyler's administration alone responsible for the present complication of affairs between the two countries. What effect the result of Mr. Polk's election will have in Mexico, we are unable to say.

From the officers of the Spartan we learn that General Duff Green had arrived at Vera Cruz, from the city of Mexico, with despaches for our Government, and embarked immediately on board the cutter Woodbury. The W. sailed for Pensacola on the 17th, the day of sailing of the Spartan. The despatches of Gen. G. are thought to be of the greatest importance.

So far as we can learn from a most hasty perusal of our files, disturbances have broken out in the State of Jalisco, the capital of which is Guadalajara. General Paredes appears to be at the head of the movement, and the affair is evidently regarded by the press and by the officers of the Government as extremely serious. A singular circumstance in the business is, that General Canalizo, the "Provisional" President, is now giving orders to the "Constitutional" President, Santa Anna. The latter having received notice to place himself at the head of the troops concentrated at Jalappa, at once joyfully complies. His orders were to march at once to Quaretaro, a city three or four days march from Mexico, and on the road to Guadalajara, there to operate as the exigencies of the case might demand. Santa Anna put his troops at once into motion, and announces to head-quarters that he has under his command 6,000 infantry, 1,500 cavalry, and 20 field pieces, all in the best state of equipment.

From Encero, one of Santa Anna's haciendas, near Jalappa, where he met his new bride—he issued on, the 6th instant, a brief and spirited addresss to the army. He denounces the conduct of Paredes, in stirring up a revolution in Guadalajara, declares him a traitor, and the instrument of a faction, and appeals to the troops by their former exploits, to stand by him, and chastise the infamous crime.

General Canalizo, too, issues his addresses from the Capital to the Mexican nation and to the army, appealing to them to stand by their country and by Santa Anna in this moment when the nation, already involved in a war with Texas, is now threatened with new internal dissentions. He appears to regret that the march of the enemy upon Texas should have been interrupted by this last outbreak, but promises to mete out to the guilty all the punishment the laws will authorize.

Gen. Arista appears to be all this while engaged in repressing Indian outrages in Northern Mexico, the account of which already given by us, have not been exaggerated. The loss in the affairs of Los Moras are stated by him, in his official report, in nearly the same figures as we gave.—*Picayune.*

The *Bee* says: "We learn that the American Minister Plenipotentiary, Wilson Shannon, Esq. has temporarily suspended all his official relation with the Mexican Government."

### Died.

In Boston, December 4th, Meriam Hussey, of Portland, Maine, aged 54 years.

## NOTICES.

### NORRISTOWN.

Abby Kelley, E. J. Hitchcock, C. C. Burleigh, and others, will hold a meeting in Norristown, commencing on Saturday evening, the 14th instant, continuing at such hours as will best suit the convenience of the people, till the evening of the next day.

### MEETINGS IN CHESTER COUNTY.

After leaving Norristown, Abby Kelley and the corps of lecturers who shall accompany her, will attend conventions to be held at the following places:

Phœnixville, or near, on the 16th.
Downingtown, on the 17th.
Bart, (Lancaster Co.,) on the 18th.
E. Fallowfield, on the 19th.
Kennet Square, on the 20th.

It is desirable that two meetings a day should be held in the above-mentioned places, the hour to be fixed, and other necessary arrangements made by the following persons: Jno. Thomas and G. A. Lewis, Zebulon Thomas, Lindley Coates, Jas. Fulton, jr. and John Cox.

J. M. M'KIM,
On behalf of the Committee.

A stated meeting of the Philidelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at seven o'clock, P. M. on Thursday, the 12th of December, at Clarkson Hall.

PHEBE EARLE, Secretary.

### ELEVENTH MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

But one month intervenes between this day and the opening of THE FAIR, AT AMORY HALL, *the day before Christmas.* The Managers entreat the help of every American; for what American is there to whom the obligation to do all in his power to extinguish Slavery, does not come as a primary duty? Who can hesitate to aid in the promulgation of Anti-Slavery principles, and in the awakening of Anti-Slavery feeling;—since by this means alone can the land be saved from the disgrace of Slavery and the horrors of insurrection?

All feel the importance of instructing the unfortunate deaf, dumb, and blind. Though their numbers are so few in proportion to the whole population, yet a fair in their behalf always stirs the city to its centre; and no hearts more deeply than our own. All, (and none more truly than ourselves,) feel the necessity of sheltering the orphans; though fewer in hundreds than the shelterless slaves are in millions; and can we,—can any remain insensible to the claims of these, made blind, and dumb, and friendless by Slavery, under *our* Constitution and laws, and kept so by *our* neglect? These millions are forbidden by our national injustice to learn to read: and how shall we, who are so painfully sensible of the distresses and disadvantages of even natural deprivation of the senses whereby knowledge is acquired, dare any longer systematically to bar its doors against a whole race! How can we any longer acquiesce in the dreadful and unnatural orphanage of those great multitudes,—born, like ourselves, Americans of the fourth generation, who are yet al owed no Father-land—no Mother-country—no family tie; but only hopeless bondage!

We confidently ask general assistance in our effort to impress these ideas on every heart. We ask, not in the name, nor for the behoof of any party, sect, or peculiar opinion; for we come to this work from all sects and parties, entertaining every shade of opinion on every subject. We reject, and entreat the oppressed to reject any appeal to physical force for deliverance, and we deprecate equally, any appeal to partisan heat, and hate, and selfishness. This cause of Freedom is *our* cause, because it is equally the cause of ALL. We nothing doubt that ALL will help us. We wish for donations of money, materials of all kinds, articles of every description, and a general attendance at the time of the Fair. We are able to promise in return, from the competency of much effort and experience in this mode of serving the cause, the most economical and judicious management of whatever is entrusted to our care; and the most rare and beautiful things from almost every part of Europe, Asia, and America, which we have been collecting during the year for purchasers. Donations may be sent to

*M. W. Chapman*, 39 Sumner street.
*Ann T. G. Phillips*, Essex " "
*Mary G. Chapman*, Chauncey Place,
*Susan C. Cabot*, West Roxbury.
*Eliza L. Follen*, " "
*Sarah B. Shaw*, " "
*Sarah S. Russell*, " "
*Hellen E. Garrison*, 13 Pine street.
*Anne Warren Weston*, Weymouth,
*Thankful Southwick*, No. 4 High street,
*Henrietta Sargent*, Poplar street,
*Catherine Sargent*, " "
*Maria White*, Watertown,
*Frances Mary Robbins*, Milton,
*Louisa Loring*, Winter street,
*M. A. W. Johnson*, Sing Sing, New-York,
*Caroline Weston*, New Bedford,
*Anna R. Philbrick*, Brookline,
*Harriet B. Jackson*, Hollis street,
*Mary F. Rogers*, Chelsea,
*Louisa M. Sewall*, Roxbury,
*Abby Southwick*, No 4, High street,
*Marian Fuller*, Avon Place, Boston,
*Caroline F. Williams*, Boston,
*Ann R. Bramhall.* " "
*Mary Willey, Bramhall.* " "
*Lavinia Hilton*, " "
*Hannah Tufts*, " "
*Mary Young*, " "

Boston, November 28, 1844.

### TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

*Dear friends and fellow laborers.*—With hopeful hearts, we have commenced our preparations for our next annual fair, resolved that it shall be greatly superior to that of the last year. For the accomplishment of this purpose, we are dependent upon you. Will you not give us ample proof that we have not relied upon you in vain? You cannot need that we should offer you incentives to increased diligence and zeal in our common cause. The image of the suffering slave is vividly before your mental vision; and were you in any danger of forgetting the sad living picture, it would be frequently revived by some new odious manifestation of the slave power, or by the presence of the fugitive, crossing, in the haste of terror, your brighter path.

Nor need we present to you arguments in favor of this method of advancing our cause. You are aware that our fairs have been a source of great pecuniary profit, as the reports of the treasurer of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society show. The principal part of the profit derived from them have passed into the treasury of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, of which you are members. In asking your assistance, then, we are but asking you to aid our common cause, through the agencies which you have constituted. You have nobly responded to our calls, in other years. Have you not commenced our second decade with renewed ardor and increased self-sacrifice? Will you not evince it by immediately beginning, with us, preparations for the fair of 1844? Labor, each according to your ability or inclination, to let each do something. All marketable commodities, useful or ornamental, will be gratefully received. If our contributors will send, with their manufactures, a statement of the cost of the materials each, the committee of estimating the labor expended on them, will be careful to prevent any article from being sold at a price below its value. A very large part of the articles sold, yield a *fair profit.* If any of our friends in the country, will come and superintend the sale of their articles, they will be most welcome, and their aid truly valuable.

We are sorry to say that our poultry stall was not as well furnished as usual last year. Will not abolitionists who are preparing produce for their own tables or the market, remember, and give us a practical proof that they remember the physically and spiritually starved slave? Give to him, as God hath given to you, freely, abundantly.

We advise all who intend to work in this department (and what abolitionist in Eastern Pennsylvania does not) so begin at once to do something, and enlist the sympathies and efforts of as many others as possible.

We are sure, dear friends, that none of us will regret having done too much, but we may regret having done too little for the emancipation of two and a half millions of slaves.

On behalf of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society.

*Anna M. Hopper,*
*Mary Grew,*
*Sarah McKim,*
*Phebe Earle,*
*Huldah Justice,*
*Susan Dorsey,*
*Gertrude K. Burleigh,*
*Harriet Snyder,*
*Margaret Griscom,*
*Sarah M. Douglass,*
*Harriet D. Purvis,*
*Hetty Burr,*
*Mary T. Stickney,*
*Martha T. Carman,*
*Mary Earle,*
*Sidney Ann Lewis,*
*Sarah Lewis,*
*Susan Shaw,*
*Maria M. Davis,*
*Emma Parker,*
*Matilda Casey,*
*Taressa Hallowell,*
*Elizabeth J. Neall,*
*Rebecca Stackhouse,*
*Sarah Pugh,*
*Mary Shaw,*
*Sarah Dorsey*
*Margaret Jones,*
*Margaretta Forten,*
*Esther Reckless,*
*Jannetta Jackson,*
*Elizabeth Carman,*
*Lydia Gillingham,*
*Hannah Lee Stickney,*
*Susan Grew,*
*Sarah Child.*

Philadelphia, April 23d, 1844.

### NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **ASHES.** | | **IRON.** | |
| Pot, first sort 1844. | 0.00 a 4.00 | Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton | 30.00 a 31.00 |
| Pearl | 4.12½ a 4.25 | do. American | 30.00 a 31.00 |
| **CANDLES.** | | Bar do. rolled | 80.00 a . |
| Mould, tallow lb. | 9 a 12 | do. Russia P, S, I, | 92.50 a 97.50 |
| Sperm | 28 a 30 | do. do. N. Sable | 75.00 a . |
| Stearic do. | 30 a 28 | do. Swedes | 77.50 a . |
| **COAL.** | | do. Eng. com. | 62.50 a 65.00 |
| Liverpool, chaldron, | 10.00 a 10.50 | do. do. refined | 80.00 a . |
| Newcastle | 9.00 a 10.00 | Sheet E. & Am. lb. | 5½ a 6 |
| Scotch | 7.25 a 7.50 | Hoop do. do. cwt. | 5.00 a 5.50 |
| Sidney and Picton | 8.25 a 8.50 | **LEAD.** | |
| Anthracite, 2,000lbs. | 5.00 a 6.00 | Pig, 100 lbs. | 3.75 a 4.00 |
| **COFFEE.** | | Bar, lb. | 4 a 4½ |
| Java | 9 a 10½ | Sheet | 4½ a . |
| Sumatra | 6½ a 6¾ | **LEATHER.** | |
| Porto Rico | 7¼ a 7½ | Oak lb. (sole,) | 19 a 24 |
| Laguayra | 6¾ a 7¼ | Hemlock, light | 14½ a 16½ |
| Cuba | 6 a 7 | do. middle | 14 a 15 |
| Brasil | 6 a 7 | do. heavy | 13 a 14 |
| St. Doming

# Poetry.

## THE PAUPER'S JUBILEE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Horrah! who was e'er so gay
As we merry folks to-day?
Brother beggars, do not stare,
But toss your rags into the air,
And cry, "No work and better fare!"
Each man, be he saint or sinner,
Shall to-day have—meat for dinner.

Yesterday, oh! yesterday,
That indeed was a bad day!
Iron bread, and rascal gruel,
Water drink, and scanty fuel;
With the beadle at our backs,
Cursing us as we beat flax,
Just like twelve Old Bailey varlets
Amongst oakum-picking harlots.

Why should we such things endure,
Though we be the parish poor?
This is usage bad and rough;
Are not age and pain enough?
Lonely age, unpitied pain,
With the bars that like a chain
To our prison bare hath bound us,
And the unwelcomed winter round us.

Why should we forever work?
Do we starve beneath the Turk?
That hath one foot in the grave
We should toil still like the slave.
Seventy winters on our heads,
Yet we freeze on wooden beds,
With one blanket for a fold,
That lets in the horrid cold,
And cramps and agues manifold?

Yet—sometimes we are merry people,
When the chimes clang in the steeple.

If 't be summer time, we all,
Dropsied, palsied, crippled, crawl,
Underneath the sunny wall:
Up and down like worms we crouch,
Or stand still and fall asleep,
With our faces in the sun,
Forgetting all the world has done.

If 't be May, with hawthorn blooms
In our breasts, we sit on tombs,
And spell o'er with eager ken
The epitaphs of *older* men,
Choosing those, for some strange reasons,
Who've weathered ninety—a hundred seasons,
Till forth at last we shout in chorus,
We've thirty good years *still* before us.

But to-day's a bonny day,
What shall we be doing?
What's the use of saving money,
When rivers flow with milk and honey?
Prudence is our ruin.
What have we to do with care?
Who, to be a pauper's heir,
Would mask his false face in a smile,
Or hide his honest hate in guile?

But come,—why do we loiter here?
Boy, go get us some small beer;
Quick, 'twill make our blood run quicker,
And drown the devil pain in liquor.
March, so fierce, is almost past,
April will be here at last;
And May most come,
And bees do hum,
And Summer over Cold victorious:
Hurrah! 'tis a prospect glorious!
*Meat! small beer! and warm weather!*
Come boys,—let's be mad together!

From the Songs of Innocence.

## THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but oh! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child,
And I am black, as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap, and kissed me,
And pointing to the east, began to say:—

"Look on the rising sun,—there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away;
And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-day.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies, and this sun-burnt face,
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
The clouds will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
Saying, 'Come from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me;
And thus I say to little English boy,—
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

From the Danish of Baggesen.

## CHILDHOOD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There was a time when I was very small,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height,
Sweetly as I recall it, tears do fall,
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
And rode a horseback on blest father's knee:
Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,
And Gold, and Greek, and Love unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size,
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;
Like points in Heaven, I saw the stars arise,
And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the Island fade,
And thought, "Oh were I on that Island there:
I could find out of what the moon is made,
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wandering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,
And yet upon the morrow, early rise,
And point out the eastern heaven with crimson light.

And thought of God, the gracious, Heavenly Father,
Who made me and that lovely sun on high,
And all those pearls of Heaven, thick strung together,
Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence my young lips did say,
The prayer my pious mother taught to me;
"Oh, gentle God! Oh, let me strive alway
Still to be wise, and good, and follow Thee?"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,
And for my sister, and for all the town;
The king I knew not, and the beggar brother,
Who bent with age, went sighing up and down.

They perished, the blythe days of boyhood perished,
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished,
God! may I never, never lose that too.

# Miscellany.

## THE STREETS OF LONDON.

These are so numerous and infinitely varied, that you might as well try to chronicle the passing clouds. London streets make a kaleidoscope, in which two or three bits of men and women are always forming themselves into groups, comical, curious, and picturesque, for our amusement; through a roll of foolscap, you may see your humble servant (that's me) at the corner of the streets, or deep penetrating into narrow lanes, taking an observation, then, having at hand portable pen, and excise-man's ink-horn at button-hole, see me rush into the "Chequers," or the "Crooked Billet," and there, and then, over half-a-pint of beer, making the passing occurrence of the moment permanent and immortal. Well, sir, and why not?

Your commercial traveller, by the profane miscalled bagman, travels in adamantine commodities and emollients—vulgarly styled hard and soft goods, or in the general line; your missionary travels on behalf of the spiritual welfare of skins of any color except his own, soliciting your subscriptions; your patriot travels in philanthropy; your government commissioner in a post-chaise and pair; I, sir, travel in human nature; allow me to have the honor of showing you a sample, and, in behalf of our house, Bentley, of New Burlington street, to solicit a continuance of your favors.

A poor man falls down in a fit, or the weakness of hunger overpowers him; he sinks against the wall of some splendid mansion; his features are compressed, his brow clammy cold, his lips livid; you saw him *sink*, not fall upon the ground with a squash, as the professional gentlemen, with *artificial* blood in their noses, do the trick; it is a clear case of famine, and no mistake; now is your time to see what human nature is made of. The master of the house, or the lady, comes at the window, and instantly retreats; a powdered footman appears at the door, and looks up and down the street for a policeman to remove the *nuisance;* several well-dressed passengers look at the poor man, and pass on the other side; ladies, as they go by him, fumble a little in their pockets, as if they meant to give something, but think better of it; an elderly gentleman, with drab gaiters and silk umbrella, pretends to feel the patient's pulse, shakes his head solemnly, and walks off, satisfied that he has detected an impositor; a housemaid of the mansion, touched with tender pity, hands up, through the area rails, a glass of water.

Now troop by the poor lost creature a group of working men, in fustian jackets, going to their dinners, whistling and gossiping as they go; they halt and surround the unfortunate man; they lift him, and put him in a more easy posture; one runs to the public-house, bringing some ale, warm with ginger; they speak kindly to him, bidding him keep up his heart; they ask him—question to bring tears into dry eyes—where is his home? he looks up piteously, and whispers—he has no home—he has not where to lay his head.

"Now, then," says one of the fustian jackets, taking off his hat, and shoving it into the encircling mob, "the poor devil's hard up, hasn't got no home nor no victuals, drop a few browns to pay for a cab, you'll never miss it." The appeal is heard, curiosity is shamed into benevolence; the Samaritans in fustian call a cab, and the homeless man is driven to try the hospitality of Mary-le-bone workhouse.

I think I hear a respectable gentleman, in an easy chair, with an easy income, and easy shoes, exclaim—

"Mister Author, this is very fine, but I have no doubt, for my own part, the fellow was a humbug—the scoundrel was acting."

"Was he, though? All I can tell you, is, my good fellow, if he were acting, you never missed such a chance in the course of your theatrical life; you have paid seven shillings to the dress circle, many a time, and oft, for a much worse performance, and here was a little bit of tragedy, without scenery, machinery, dress, or decorations, you might have seen for sixpence, and been six and sixpence better for it."

I have seen these tragedies more than twice—everybody has seen them who knows London; Gilbert White saw them, when he said—

> "I shall sink
> As sinks a stranger, in the busy streets
> Of crowded London: some short bustle's caused,
> A few inquiries, and the crowd close in,
> And all's forgotten."

I do not deny that impostors are common; I know that they are clever, and are with difficulty to be discriminated from the real, heart-rending cases of distress that London almost daily exhibits to our view. No punishment is great enough for these scoundrels; not that the offence is so great in itself, but because it adds and ministers to that covetousness, and hardness of heart, which furnishes us with an excuse—which we are all too ready to make—of not giving once, lest we might once be deceived.

To a man living on the shady side of life, whose poverty compels him to walk with his own feet, hear with his own ears, and see with his own eyes, the contrasted conditions of London life afford much matter of painful contemplation. These contrasts are striking and forcible; they run the whole gamut of the social scale, from the highest treble to the deepest base; they exhibit human life in every color, from hues of the rainbow to the deepest shadows and most unchequred glooms; and all this, in a day's walk—in the space of a few palmy acres; next door to luxury and profusion, you have hunger and despair; the rage of unsatisfied hunger, and the lust of desires that no luxury can quench.

I have seen little children, fat enough for the spit, wrapped in woolpacks of fleecy hosiery, seated in their little carriages, drawn by goats, careering over the sward of Hyde Park; and, at the same moment, crawling from the hollow trunks of old trees, where they had found refuge for the night, other children, their nakedness hardly concealed by a few greasy rags flapping against the mottled limbs of the creatures, heirs of shame and sorrow, and heritors of misery and its necessary crime. I have seen a poor family, ragged and hungry, the children running after an ugly pug dog, with a velvet jacket on, who was taking the air, led by an attendant footman with a gold-headed staff. I have seen an old woman of eighty, painted, periwigged, bejeweled, and brocaded, taking an airing in a gorgeous coach, three footmen hanging on behind, her ladyship's companion a cynical-faced pug, probably the only friend she had in the world; and I have seen another old woman of eighty—any of the Wapping Old Stairs watermen will remember Mary Mudlark—up to her mid-leg in the Thames, raking and scraping the mud and water for rags, bits of sticks, ginger-beer bottles, scraps of iron, or whatever she could recover from the waters, by which she might earn a few pence to keep her from starving.

But it is painful to multiply these painful contrasts of condition which everyday's walk exhibits; one only conclusion can we draw from these spectacles, namely, how far removed is man by the accident of fortune from his fellow man, how utterly abandoned even in the centre of civilization, outlawed from human aid, protection, sympathy, as soon as he ceases to have certain tokens of humanity, in silver, gold, paper, or brass, about his person.

From a Glasgow Paper.

## HORRORS OF TRANSPORTATION.

Mr. M'Carthy delivered a lecture on transportation in the Temperance Hall, Glasgow, on Saturday evening last. After a brief introduction, Mr. M'Carthy said, that many persons, in their ignorance, committed crime purposely to be transported. Unfortunately boys had thrown their caps up in open Court, and buzzaed at the close of their sentence of transportation. "But, alas!" said the lecturer, "how little they knew of the hunger, slavery, degradation, exile, dirt, sin, and tyranny, awaiting them! They little thought of the bayonet, the cat-o'-ninetails, the blood-clotted triangle, the leg-chains and hand-cuffs, the gory scourge, the night-watch and bloodhounds, the chain-gang and gallows! Surely, if they did, they would never rejoice." The emigrant is well fed; the convict starved. The emigrant is respectably dressed; the convict all mottled in various degrading colors. The emigrant has a bed; the convict a cave or wooden bench. The emigrant has property and wages; the convict no wages; his sole property, an iron ring or a chain on his leg. Wages? A military guard, and an iron-hearted overlooker. Wages? Cold, half-baked dough, of maize meal, the same as they feed cows and pigs with, and cold salt beef like a block, after it has gone round the globe in her Majesty's men-of-war, and condemned, twenty years old. Salt pork from Tahiti, tough as sole-leather, and full of animalculæ. Wages, indeed! The cats and triangle. Wages are out of the question. When a convict ship reaches its destination, the unhappy convicts are marshalled on deck, chained in couples, guarded in boat-loads to the shore. They are then taken to a large barrack at Sydney or Hobart Town; the Government or colonial officers come in a body to examine these outcasts of their native soil; the surgeon-commander brings out a Government paper for every man, called an indenture. This paper is under many heads; their name or names, height, age, country, color of hair, eyes, moles, marks, how often in jail, what jails, what crime. The Governor stands by, while his head officer holds this indenture in his hand, and asks his questions from it. If the poor man should tell a falsehood, wo be to his after life. Up to 1838, the convicts were hired out to settlers on their arrival; but their conduct was so bad, that now every man, whether a gentleman or otherwise, is compelled to work six months upon the Government works, which is for fifteen hours per day, carrying stones or timber, felling wood, pushing heavy barrows, working on new roads, cleaning the bottom of the docks and harbor, up to the armpits in the tide. When they push down their spades, the water covers their face; in using the pickaxe, they are wet to the head. They are mostly all fast to a large chain, to prevent their drowning; they dive and clear away for masons to build the new quays, &c. Their food, 10 1-2 lbs. of maize-meal per week; 7 lbs. of salt beef, mostly unfit for use, or 4 1-2 lbs. of salt pork; 8 oz. of soap; 2 1-2 oz. of salt. No wages; no tobacco, nor any other comfort. Clothes—grey cloth cap, broad arrow stamped on it; grey trousers; short jacket, half yellow, half grey; stockings grey, white rings; shirt grey canvass; no handkerchief or neckcloth; clothes all too small. After six months of this life, the authorities think the convicts sufficiently drilled for assignment. On a certain day—advertised in the Government Gazette—the settlers, farmers, and master mechanics, come to the barrack for Government servants, as they are called: these convicts are all marched out in a long line of rows; the purchasers walk along the line of white slaves, and pick out such as suit them; the purchaser bids the convict walk, run, hold up his leg, arm, &c. hits his chest or back to prove if he is asthmatic, or short in his breath; if he is sound in wind and limb, he bids him stand on one side till he picks from the rest; when he has enough, he goes to an office, where he pays Government £1 for his slops, the yellow dress, (they call them canaries,) half-tanned shoes, cap, three shirts, a little wool pad, or bed, a small rug horse-cloth. This is the convict's outfit. He then has to walk to the home of his new employer, that is, tyrant. There is a set of laws made for the convict population, that mean anything or nothing, or everything. Two magistrates can order a man fifty lashes of the double, or Government cat; you can't speak, you are a convict; presumption is against you; you must be flogged. The scourger comes, ties you up, and his bloody lash scatters the flesh your mother kissed so often; tears away the blood that your father reared with so much care; if not, the chain-gang is your fate; you are doomed, your heels loaded with heavy cankering irons, to work on the hot burning, dusty roads, until your flesh is scorched like copper, and your hair yellow as jaundice; your eyes sore and running from hot winds of the climate; your poor bleeding wrist carrying your chain; sometimes, oh! horrible! you are doomed to a penal settlement for life; a gathering of all human woes; black despair; a land of horror; a second hell, where naught but sadness dwells. [Here the lecturer stripped and turned up his sleeves to show the manner of punishing with the lash; he exhibited four scourges; the first, the small military cat; the second, the naval cat; the third, the thief's, or double cat; and lastly, the dreaded scourge of Norfolk Island.] Out of a large district of convicts, amounting to 50,000, 22,000 had been convicted and flogged, their flesh scattered, their blood spilled, their spirit broken, their strength reduced, their life shortened, their death miserable. Sad is the convict's funeral—his grave is desolate in its misery; none to pray, none to pay nature's last tribute to humanity but the wild sea-bird, which sings the requiem of the murdered exile. His unchained spirit has fled aloft—escaped from the degraded body that finds the solitary sea-washed sepulchre of the drunkard's child on the distant strands of Tasmania. The convict is dead in law; he can hold no property; you might snatch the bread out of his teeth. No person need pay him any wages, though he has a ticket of leave. Colonel Breton states: "I have seen him at work when the thermometer stood 115 in the sun, being about twice the heat of our summer day: the sun burns ulcers on the backs of their necks. The gangs are, in the country, locked up in square boxes, moveable, like wild beasts, sixteen in each box, allowing eighteen inches for every man. At Sydney they sleep in hulks, twelve in one large bench, all a mass of filth. Their countenances are demoniac, and shocking to behold. Sometimes in the hulks, there are cells so small that they cannot lie on their backs."

## AN AFRICAN JUDGE AND EUROPEAN SLAVE-HOLDER

In the year 1824, an English Naturalist, in the course of a tour in Caffreland, had an opportunity of witnessing the justice and impartiality of the Caffre chiefs, in their capacity of Judges. Being dissatisfied with the conduct of the slave, whom he had brought with him from the Cape Colony, after some altercation, and the infliction of a few blows with his sjamboe, (a whip of rhinoceros hide,) he carried the man before Macomo, the head of a tribe near the river Keissi. Here the master and slave filed cross-bills against each other. The slave produced witnesses to prove that his master had struck and abused him without cause: the master accused the slave of laziness, insolence, and disobedience, and demanded that he should be punished by a severe flogging. Macomo, after hearing both parties, informed them that in Caffreland there were no slaves; he must, therefore, consider them as two men who had made a bargain with each other. "Now, it appears," said he, "to the Englishman, "that you have struck this man, and otherwise ill-treated him, but you can show no proof that he had injured you by offering you violence. I therefore declare your bargain at an end; and you shall pay him an ox for the wrong you have done him." At this decision our countryman was highly incensed, and refused to submit. "He deserved punishment, not reward," said he, "for his insolence." "You have not proved that," said Macomo; "but had it been so, you should have brought him to me. Why do I sit here from sun-rise to sun-set, if need be? It is to decide between man and man, in cases where their anger blinds them, and hinders their judgment. If men use their hands in secret, instead of their tongues, before the Judge, or the old men, whose life would be worth a husk of corn?" The traveller replied that he would not argue the matter with him, "for he (Macomo) was ignorant of the usages of civilized life, and did not understand the rights of property. I will complain of your conduct," said he, "to Major Somerset, the commander of the frontier, who will soon show you the difference between an elephant and a deer." To this taunt Macomo replied, calmly—"I know that Somerset is stronger than I am. He is an elephant, but neither I nor my father have been called deer. You say that your people are wiser than ours; you do not show it in appealing from reason to force. When you return to the Colony, the landdrost will decide between you: here it can go no further. Give him the ox," he added, "it will be better for you." The Doctor yielded.—*Penny Magazine.*

## HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The London papers by the Britannia, state that Miss Martineau, the well-known authoress, has been highly benefited of late by mesmerism. I have been told of a letter from her to a friend in this country, in which she abundantly confirms the report. She had been given over by her physicians, who told her that medicine could afford her no relief. She had been confined for many months to her chamber, which, as she says, she never expected to quit, "unless in her coffin." She had been unable, during that time, to procure even an hour's sleep, except through the aid of laudanum. The consequence was, that both her mental and physical powers were fast yielding to a painful, and, as it was believed, utterly incurable disease. At length it occurred to her to try mesmerism. The experiment was made, and it was successful, Although not thrown by it into the state of trance of which we hear such wonders, a gentle and refreshing sleep was induced, which lasted twelve hours. On its termination her physicians declared that such had been the change in her whole nervous system that they ventured to entertain hopes of a cure. The mesmeric process was continued at various intervals; and now the distinguished patient has so far recovered that, from not being able to walk across the room, she can, in her own language, "walk three miles at a time with a relish." "I cannot be thankful enough," she says, "*for such a resurrection.*" Miss Martineau, as all who know her will admit, is not a person of a fanciful or imaginative temperament. Her case will probably induce many to regard with more respect and attention, a science, the believers in which, although Cuvier and La Place may be found among the number, are often classed with Mormons, Millerites, and other fanatics. The following intimation, from the London Literary Gazettee, of the present condition of this science in London, is perfectly applicable at this moment to New-York: "Mesmerism, which has rapidly assumed a vigorous vitality, and the reality and utility of which have, despite the shallow wit of unphilosophical critics, been maintained by a number of cautious and practical men, is for the moment retarded in its progress by *public exhibitors of its often painful phenomena;* and hurried, on the other hand, to a maturity that has no real foundation by enthusiastic followers, whose intellects have apparently never been trained to the severity of scientific investigation." This is a brief but sensible view of the whole matter.—*Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.*

From the Evening Mirror.

## YOUNG ENGLAND.

We were so used to the term "Old England," that "Young England," sounded quite strange in our ears. We have been asked the meaning of the term, and we are quite pleased to be able to answer inquiries from the last Edinburgh Review a valuable number, reprinted by Leonard, Scott & Co., one of whose articles has this expression for its title.

It is the designation given, in ridicule, to a small body of young men, who talk and write as if all men were fools but themselves. "Coningsby, or, the New Generation," by D'Israeli; "Hisioric Fancies," by George Sydney Smythe, and "England's Trust," and other poems, by Lord John Manners (all M. P.'s) are selected by the Edinburgh, as embodying the views of the sect. These views appear to us a combination of ultra-Conservativeism and moderate Carlylism. The Reviewer says it has got a little of everything—a little of history, somewhat more of metaphysics, a small portion of unintelligible theology, and a *very* little political economy. Being, for the most part, young men, their historian, D'Israeli, declares war against age, and declares that England is to be saved by its youth; and further maintains that his own sect contains all the patriots and apostles who are to bring about a new order of things. Carlyle, it seems, is not to do this work alone. Presumption and exaggeration are stated as the characteristics of "Young England." The politics of the school are said to be founded on a rejection of all experience, and its philosophy on a contempt of all experiment. In a word, they seem to us the English variety of the species, Transcendentalists.

We offer a specimen or two of the style of Young England:—"At school, friendship is a passion. It tears the soul. What insane sensitiveness—what frantic sensibility—what earthquakes of the heart, and whirlwinds of the soul are confined in the single phrase of a schoolboy's friendship." Paralleled, says the Reviewer, only by an American's description of his favorite horse, "thunder and lightning, with a dash of the earthquake."

Another:—"Man is only great, when he acts from the passions; never irresistible, but when he appeals to the imagination." With all this rant and affectation, "Young England" is described as cherishing noble views and disinterested purposes. So, we hope she will outgrow these youthful follies, and be quite a comfort in due time, to her "old mother." We confess, that an old liking for the author of Vivian Grey disposed us to rejoice that the Reviewer treats him throughout with a certain paternal kindness which is not (as we all know) inconsistent with an occasional hearty castigation.

From the London Punch.

## LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN TO A FRIEND, ENTREATING HIM TO RENOUNCE THE BOTTLE.

My dear Peter: May I, by friendship of thirty years' growth, be permitted to address you on your faults—or, rather, your fault; for it is so capacious that it swallows every other error; in the same way that boa constrictors gulp toads and other unsightly creatures of smaller dimensions. May I venture to remonstrate with you on—well, it must be said—your habitual drunkenness? Alas! my friend, to what a condition has this folly, this wickedness, reduced you! This morning only, I saw a full-grown cucumber in a bottle; there is nothing in the object; it is a common-place, to be seen in the window of every pickle-merchant; and yet did that imprisoned cucumber touch my heart, and bring pathetic moisture into my eyes; for by the tyranny of association, it made me think of my forlorn friend. Yes; looking at that cucumber, trained to grow in its glass prison, did I behold in it the helpless condition of Peter Rubygill! There he is—thought I—there is Peter, and who shall deliver him? And how, alas! does that plethoric gourd fully declare the story of my friend! How, like him, was it insinuated in its green youth—a very sucker—into the bottle's throat; and how, when there, was it made to grow and swell, until, far too large to be withdrawn, it possessed the whole of the bottle, and was then cut off forever from the vine that had cherished it! And is it not thus, Peter, with a doomed drunkard? Does he not enter the bottle in the greenness of his days, and though he may again and again escape from the thing that threatens to enclose him, at length, is it not impossible for him to get away? Habit makes him swell, and there is no hope for him; cut off from the general world, he has no other dwelling-place than a bottle. Verily, Peter Rubygill, Bacchus—like a pickle-merchant—has his bottled cucumbers, and you are of them!

And yet, Peter, I would fain hope for you. In the name of all that is great and beautiful in the world, why seal your eyes to its grandeur and loveliness, why walk with your drowsy brain in a fog, when, touched by the light of beauty, it might answer the touch with most delicious music? What, in truth, can you know of the bounty and magnificence showered about you? No more than a silly fly, that, finding itself in the palace of a king, sips and sips, and tumbles headlong into the first syrup it may light upon. Have I not seen you, leaden-eyed—clay-pated—almost dumb with pain hammering at your temples—degraded by nausea tugging at your stomach—your hand shaking like a leaf—your mouth like the mouth of an oven—and your tongue, I am sure of it, like burnt shoe-leather?, And for what, Peter Rubygill? For some six hours' madness the night before?

You were left a comfortable competence. Where is it now? Gone. The bottle is the devil's crucible, and melts all! You were tolerably good-looking. And now is your countenance but as a tavern-sign, where numberless little imps, liberated by drawn corks, continue to give a daily touch and touch of red, proud of their work, as portrait-painters to the devil himself.

There was a time when your word was true as gold. And now, upon whom can you pass it? From the mouth of a drunkard, the most solemn promise is no better than the best-made bad money: it may pass for a time, but it is certain to be nailed to the world's counter at last.

You had friends. But there is a moral fever in the reputation of a drunkard, and sober men wisely avoid it.

You have a wife. Has she a husband? No. She vowed to love a man, and you are a liquor cask. Can you expect her affection? You might as reasonably expect her wedding-ring to hoop a wine-barrel.

You have children. Poor things! They see a satyr sprawl and reel before them; and in their innocence, blush not as yet to call the creature father!

But, my dear Peter, there is yet hope. Learn to love home. Avoid the tavern. It is in the tavern-cellar that the devil draws up his army array against the brains and good resolves of men. It is there that he views his legions of bottles, and prepares them for the attack on weak humanity. But arm yourself, Peter; meet the assailants with cold water; and, in the fight, you shall have the earnest prayers of your old friend,

CORYDON RIVERS.

From the Westminter Review.

## SKILL OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

If the Thebans, eighteen hundred years before Christ, knew less in some departments of useful knowledge than ourselves, they also in others knew more. One great proof of the genius of that splendid line of potentates, entitled the eighteenth Theban dynasty, and the extent of civilization under their rule, was that the practical, chemical, astronomical, and mechanical knowledge which they shared with the priestly (scientific) colleges, was in some respects equal to, in some respects greater than our own. They made glass in great profusion, (Diodorus Siculus,) and burning glasses, and lenses for glasses. They must have cut their delicate cameos by the aid of microscopes. Ptolemy describes an astrolabe; they calculated eclipses; they then said that the moon was diversified by sea and land, (Plutarch *de facie lunæ,*) that "one lunar day was equal to fifteen of the earth;" that "the earth's diameter was a third of the moon's;" and that, "the moon's mass was to that of the earth, as 1 to 72." All these things show good instruments. They made gold potable, (inferentially;) Moses did so, who was a scribe brought up by the Sovereign Pontiff, and nursed in the "wisdom of the Egyptians," an "art lost," till recently recovered by a French chemist. Their workmanship in gold, as recorded by Homer, their golden clock-work, by which thrones moved, must be exquisitely ingenious. They possessed the art of tempering copper tools, so as to cut the hardest granite with the most minute and brilliant precision. This art we have lost. We see the sculptors in the act of cutting the inscriptions on the granite obelisks and tablets. We see a pictorial copy of the chisels and tools with which the operation was performed. We see the tools themselves. (There are sculptor's chisels at the museum, the cutting end of which preserves its edge unimpaired, while the blunt extremity is flattened by the blows of the mallet.) But our tools would not cut such stone with the precision of outline which the inscriptions retain to the present day. Again, what mechanical means had they to raise and fix the enormous imposts on the lintels of their tempels at Karnac. Architects now confess that they could not raise them by the usual mechanical power. Those means must, therefore, be put to the account of the "lost arts." That they have been familiar with the principle of Artesian wells, has been lately proved by the engineering investigations carried on while boring for water in the Great Oasis. That they were acquainted with the principle of the railroad is obvious, that is to say, they had artificial causeways, level, direct, and grooved, (the grooves being anointed with oil,) for the conveyance from great distances of enormous blocks of stone, entire stone temples, and colossal statues of half the height of the monument. Remnants of iron, it is said, have lately been found in these grooves. Finally, M. Arago has argued that they not only possessed a knowledge of steam power, which they employed in the cavern mysteries of their Pagan free-masonry, but that the modern steam engine is derived through Solomon de Caus, the predecessor of Worcester, from the invention of Hero, the Egyptian engineer. The contest of the Egyptian *Saphos* with Moses, before Pharaoh, pays singular tribute to their union of "knowledge and power." No supernatural aid is intimated. Three of the miracles of their natural magic, (see Sir D. Brewster,) the jugglers of the East, can and do now perform. In the fourth, an attempt to produce the lowest form of lice, they fail. From the whole statement, one inference is safe, that the daring ambition of the priestly chemists had been led from the triumphs of embalming and chicken-hatching, (imitating and assisting the production of life,) to a Frankenstein experiment on the vital fluid and on the principle of life itself, perhaps to experiments like those (correctly or incorrectly) inscribed to Mr. Crosse, in the hope of creating, not reviving, the lowest form of animal existence.

## DURABILITY OF ANCIENT COLORS.

Mr. Gliddon, in one of his late lectures at Boston gave the annexed information respecting the composition of colors used by the Egyptians in their earliest and latest pictorial scenes—colors which, after a lapse of four thousand years, stands unrivalled in brilliancy and beauty:

"To begin with WHITE. This is so perfect that after a lapse of four thousand years, its lustre is inimitable. It was formed of *pure chalk*, by pounding the various species of fossil, crabs, &c. that abound in Egyptian limestone quarries. YELLOW was yellow *iron ochre*—found of all possible shades in the strata of Egypt and Nubia. Oxides of iron in their natural state; sometimes also *burned*, to vary the color. RED was red *earthy bole* in its natural state—tritoxides of iron, in which is classed the *colcotar*, or "violet of vitriol." BLUE, comprising the costly "Ultra-marine," is sometimes an oxide of *copper*, frequently an oxide of *iron*, and many Egyptian blues give oxide of *cobalt*, under analysis. These artificial conformations imply extreme chemical skill. GREEN was compounded of artificial *metallic* blues, and natural yellow ochres—and, as the *blue* itself was formed by vitrifying oxides of iron, copper, or cobalt with *sand* and *soda*, in crucibles or in balls, subjected to the heat of the furnace; and as *blues* and *greens* abound in the painting, even of the pyramidal era (or long before Abraham) this not only explains that the Egyptians were well acquainted with *glass* in those days,—but that they knew how to *color* it, as is proved by relics of all kinds of colored glass itself, abounding in Museums, and by *glass vases* drawn on the monuments of exquisite colors, produced by arts now *lost*. BLACK is sometimes pure *bone* black—sometimes it is a black earth (oxide of iron) found in Nilotic mines.

These colors, in every shade, reduced to an impalpable powder by grinding, mixed with *Gum Arabic*, and diluted with water, were those used by the Egyptians, and were applied on the *subject* to be painted, after the wall had been coated with a layer of *stucco*, prepared from Gypsum, and the colors were laid on in *ordinary fresco*. The mummy cases have established that the ancient Egyptians also understood *encaustic* painting—with *wax* dissolved in *naphtha*.

## FATHER MATHEW.

*To the Editor of the London Times:*

SIR,—Perceiving from a letter in your journal of to-day that the National Temperance Society has appointed a committee to inquire into the alledged pecuniary embarrassments of Father Mathew, arising from his great expenditure in promotion of temperance, you will, perhaps, permit me to save the time of such inquiry, and the consequent delay of the requisite relief, by giving you the strongest proof of the reality of the case, in a letter I have this morning received from Father Mathew himself, as I felt it my duty, on first hearing of his embarrassments, to write to him on the subject, enclosing some trifling aid, as the direct transmission of such assistance as can be given, is generally more acceptable than the dilatory and expensive process of committees and public meetings, though both may be useful.

Your publication of his letter in your extensively circulated journal will bring his case more speedily and more effectively before the eyes of thousands than any other channel of communication; and I can hear my personal testimony, from intimate acquaintance and co-operation with this excellent man, as to his conduct being as pure and disinterested as that of any philanthropist who can be named.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
JAMES S. BUCKINGHAM.

13 George street, Hanover square, Oct. 23.

"CORK, October 20.

"My dear Mr. Buckingham,—I am fully aware of the many claims upon your benevolence, and deeply regret that my embarrassments have added to them.

"It was after much importunity and with great reluctance, that I consented to have my pecuniary difficulties made public by the Rev. Mr. Hincks, the editor of the *Inquirer*. It is unnecessary, in writing to you, to vindicate myself from the charge of imprudence—you well know the unavoidable expenditure attendant on a great popular movement. With the exception of £100 sent to me some years ago by the Marquis of Lansdowne, I never received aid from any one.

"A report, propagated by the antagonists of temperance, of my having amassed wealth, increased the calls upon me, and, I must confess, prompted me to exceed my resources to rebut the calumny.

"I had, it is true, large sums of money offered to me whilst I was in England, but I wished to act independently, and refused them.

"Accept, dear Mr. Buckingham, my grateful acknowledgment of your gift, and have the kindness to add to the many obligations you have already conferred, by explaining to my friends how free I am from any imputation of either prodigality or avarice.

"All my own private resources have been exhausted. I have drawn to a large amount upon my brothers, and all this to promote that sacred cause to whose success I have devoted my existence.

"To your good and amiable lady, to my dear Leicester, and every member of your family, I present my affectionate remembrance, and with fervent prayers for you happiness, I am, with profound respect, dear Mr. Buckingham,

"Yours, gratefully and devotedly,
"THEOBALD MATHEW."

## A CHILD'S IDEA OF THE STARS.

"How do they shine?" he exclaimed, pointing to one of the constellations. "I would like monsus well to see 'em all in a mess together, once, with the sun in the middle! What a heap of gold and silver light that'd be then, *stranger*, wouldn't they? Why *don't* they? why *am* they always moving on the same track, constant? Who made them? Ma says God did, and told me to *hush my mouth:* and when I asked if they were *eyes* to him, that he might see all things, she whipt me! What are they made of, and why don't we see them in the day time! Do *you* know?—*Southern Paper.*

# Associated Agency.

*Central Office, 20 Wall Street, (basement,) New-York.*

THE attention of persons who are desirous of improving their condition in life, is respectfully invited to the following great bargains now offered in this office.

864 acres of land with improvements, in Lyonsdale, Lewis Co. N. Y. 40 miles north of Utica, with half of the immense water-power of High Falls, on Black River; a large and never-failing stream, with sixty feet fall, with a saw-mill in operation. The whole, or a part will be sold Price for the whole only $12,000.

A farm of 750 acres of the best quality of land in Frederick Co. Virginia, 40 miles from Washington City, in a high state of cultivation, with superior buildings, including stock and farming utensils, for $25,000.

3,000 acres of valuable land in Luzerne Co. Pennsylvania, with improvements, water-power, &c. for $37,500.

A large portion of the Town of Mount Carmel, Wabash Co. Illinois, with extensive tracts of land in the vicinity, including two villages, with Houses, Lots, Ferries Coal-Banks, and an abundance of water-power. Water communication by way of the lakes to New-York, and by the Mississippi to New Orleans.

A part of the town of Toolesborough, Louisa Co. Iowa, on the River Mississippi, with several thousand acres of land adjoining.

8,660 acres of first-rate rolling land in Lincoln Co. Missouri, on the Mississippi, 1,000 acres Prarie, the balance timbered land. Price $5,000.

20,000 acres of excellent farming land, very favorably situated in Hampshire Co. Virginia, at $2 an acre.

40,000 acres of choice selected land in Michigan, at $1 an acre.

2,500 acres of land in West Tennessee, Perry Co. will be sold, a great bargain.

60,000 acres, in Fentriss Co. Tennessee, in tracts varying from 1,000 to 5,000 acres each, of good farming land, with Iron, Coal, Saltpetre, Epsom Salts, Copperas, and water-power.

214,000 acres in Washington, Green, Cock, Sevier, and Blount counties, Tennessee, at 25 cents an acre. On these lands are Iron, Bituminous Coal, Fine Clay for Pottery, Feldspar, Quartz, Lime, Alum, and an inexhaustible supply of water-power.

Several of the above tracts of land are peculiarly adapted to the settlement of industrial Associations.

Also, for sale in this office, a great variety of Farms, Mills, Houses, Town-Lots, &c. in the different Counties of the States of New-York and New Jersey, and in all the Western States and Territories, at the lowest market prices, and with warranted title.

Having 26 Branch offices in the West, 9 in New England, and 4 in Europe, our Associated Agency offers the greatest facilities to persons wishing to buy, sell, or exchange Real Estate. All such are invited to command our services.

A principal object of the Association is, to put in practical operation a plan, by which persons wishing to purchase Real Estate of any description, may, with the least possible delay, trouble, or expense, be informed where they can find property for sale, adapted to their circumstances and wants; and by which the seller and the buyer may be brought together, to make such transactions as may be mutually beneficial.

We have already a rich Register of property for sale, to which we invite the attention of those who wish to purchase Real Estate of any description, or in any part of the country.

We also conduct an Agency for non-resident proprietors of Western Lands.

Agency for *procuring* and for *selling* Patents in the United States and in Europe.

Agency for receiving orders for Arnold's *Superior* Scythe Sharpening Rifles, Price in New-York, $6 a groce.

Agency for effecting insurance against fire in all parts of the Union.

Agency for sale of the Recipe for the genuine Berlin Hams, superior to Westphalias.

Agency for procuring Loans on Bond and Mortgage.

BUFFUM & Co.
Basement Office, 20 Wall Street.
November 28, 1844.—tf.

# Graham House, New Arrangement.

ROSWELL GOSS informs his friends and the public, that he has enlarged his Boarding Establishment, known as the

GRAHAM HOUSE, 63 BARCLAY STREET,

by adding to it the adjoining house, and is prepared to accommodate transient or permanent Boarders on the most favorable terms.